





LIFE,

A POEM IN THREE BOOKS;

Descriptive of the various characters in life; the different passions, with their moral influence; the good and evil resulting from their sway; and of the perfect man.

DEDICATED TO THE

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL WELFARE

OF THE

PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILLIAM BRANCH, JUNIOR,

Of Prince Edward, Virginia.

“Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.”

Virg. Geo. 2 b. 498 li.

RICHMOND:

From the Franklin Press.

W. W. Gray, Printer.

1819.

25 11 21
35 11 21

District of Virginia, to wit :

***** Be it remembered, that on the seventh day of November, in the
* SEAL * forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America,
* * * * * William Branch, junior, of the said District, hath deposited in this
* * * * * Office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in
the words following, to wit:—"Life; a poem in three books, descriptive of the
various characters in life; the different passions, with their moral influence; the
good and evil resulting from their sway; and of the perfect man—dedicated to the
social and political welfare of the people of the United States; by William Branch,
junior, of Prince Edward, Virginia"—in conformity to the Act of the Congress of
the United States, intituled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by secur-
ing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such
copies during the times therein mentioned."

RICHARD JEFFRIES,
Clerk of the District of Virginia.



17 Aug. 87.
TO A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

Fellow Citizens,

NOT having received, in early youth, the advantages of an academical education, by reason of the scantiness of my pecuniary resources; I consulted my inclination to improve and become happy, by devoting myself to literary research amid the shades of tranquil obscurity, to which, through my insuperable fondness for rural delights, I now feel completely wedded. From this humble retreat, my sequestered Muse offers you this short effusion of her rustic melody. She sings not in liquid and musical tones; but she offers a single tribute of honest feeling to your understandings and your hearts.

Among the numerous considerations, which vehemently urge me to make this offering, I beg permission to enumerate the following.

We live in a country, whose rights and privileges, whose liberty, laws and religion, depend upon the culture and exercise of virtue. It, therefore, becomes the duty of every man, who breathes the exhilarating air of freedom; who lives in the centre and soul of our liberal institutions; and who has, secured by them, his life, liberty, property

and enjoyment—it becomes the *sacred duty* of every man, who is protected by *the whole*, to qualify himself to assist in protecting *the whole*. This can be done with propriety and effect, only by cultivating our virtue; upon which depends our *union*; together with a correct and useful exertion of our physical energies. Foes, foreign or domestic, if ever they succeed in placing a yoke on our necks, must, by tampering with our virtue, foment civil discords and religious feuds. Enterprises of this fatal description constitute their great and only engines of destruction; and should occasion tempt, they will certainly be employed. Let the ambitious but once seduce our virtue, pollute our principles, and dissolve our union; then farewell, a long, an *eternal farewell*, to all felicity and glory! Let this chaste and saving principle, upon which our republic is so proudly based, be but withdrawn, or *even impaired*, and the splendid superstructure will tumble into ruins; and with it *we* shall fall like *Lucifer*, never, never, to rise again! To what fearful extent, local causes, which may lead to this lamentable result, prevail amongst us at this time, it ill becomes me to say; but the enlightened reader will reflect how much *ignorance* might inadvertently aid the machinations of the domestic usurper, or *interest* those of the foreign invader. I

should indeed be happy to flatter myself that these suspicions were the ill-bodings of a gloomy imagination; but alas! they strike my understanding with so great a force of verisimilitude, that they create in my almost despondent breast, an ardent desire to contribute my little mite, towards the confirmation of the sons of freemen on the basis of a *liberty*, purchased with the pecuniary and physical resources, and sealed with the blood of our illustrious and heroic forefathers. To parents, guardians, and teachers, therefore, I have in this irregular little poem endeavored to suggest some useful hints and considerations, with regard to the moral and literary culture of the juvenile mind. I have endeavored to stimulate youth to useful emulation in honest pursuits, by holding forth *happiness, wealth and fame*, the three greatest, and I might add *only*, inducements to action, which can effectually magnetize the mind, and engross the attention and desires of the soul: and I have not the less endeavored to deter them from *levity, dissipation*, and the *perpetration of crimes*, through dread of shame and fear of punishment. However frail and unsuccessful my attempts may prove, I sincerely wish to urge them to such improvement, as may duly capacitate them for the various relations and duties of life: I would have them become *men, heroes, christian men*.

Should the frowns of the learned consign my little Poem to the gloomy deep of oblivion, I yet devoutly hope, that it may prove the harbinger to other productions, both poetical and prosaic, which, through the mercy of a benignant God, may profusely shed light and prosperity on independent America; and, like the spirit of good, rise with "healing in their wings," crowning *her* with grace and glory. Be it the Muse's happy, envied employment, ever to twine wreaths of laurel around the brow of the hero; to sing his gallant achievements; to caricature the hideous form of *vice*, and bedeck *virtue* in all her native charms and heavenly attractions: especially be it her delightful province, to celebrate the *wisdom, power, and goodness of God*; to recommend genuine piety, and religion gloriously devotional, yet undebased by boiling enthusiasm, trembling superstition, or raging bigotry; to teach mankind to enjoy the blessings of Providence together with their *social rights*, not only without abusing them, but in an improveable manner; and to discharge their various duties with propriety, decorum, and utility; to encourage them, in fine, to be *cheerful, resigned, and happy*, under all the dispensations of the omniscient, almighty, all-benevolent, and just ruler of the universe.

The Muse, who carols on *American* ground, is free from the hapless fate of prostituting her lays to charm away the asperities of *princely* conduct; to magnify the peccadillos of *little* great men, even into *virtues*; or soothe the naked and the supperless, the widow and the orphan, with poetic celebration of triumphs gained and freedom lost, and happiness destroyed, by some fell oppressor, enforcing submission and homage by ensigns of blood, and all the horrid armour of war. No, the Muse in America is not a Laureat; she lives the disciple of *honest nature*, arrayed in the mantle of freedom, untarnished by the dear bought livery of a court. She warns of evil seen abroad; dreads its approach; and sings of happy things at home. She stoops not in heartless adoration to the tiara, surplice and diadem; but with rational zeal, in sweet devotion, yields up her soul to the author of nature.

Through motives of patriotism and (let me not disguise the truth) through motives of personal interest also, I venture to put myself upon my country; whilst it remains for you, fellow-citizens, to judge whether I merit your smiles and patronage or not; whether this, my weak effort at originality and usefulness, shall, like other ephemeral productions, pass off with the hour which gave it birth, or meet with life-maintaining approbation;

whether indulgence and favor shall tempt the humble Muse again to sing, or want of charity bid the friendless recluse hush her notes forever.

I once thought of giving you an analytical introduction; but I soon reflected, that if, on a subject supposed to be best adapted to measured language, my poetry were not perspicuous enough to be understood; my prose would, in all probability, be less so. Again, I thought of elucidating the text by notes; but having been frequently sickened by bulky volumes, encumbered and perplexed with long, involved, and heavy annotations and references, I resolved to submit the poem without comment; especially since each reader will put on every passage just such a construction, as may be suggested by his own understanding and taste; and lastly, I bethought myself of writing a long and complaisant apology to the critics; but I was likewise induced to dispense with this purpose, upon reflecting that it is much easier to *criticise* than to *compose*; and that critics *must have* their play and their food.

Critics, I have observed, generally build themselves up at the expense of others, and live on productions not their own: they are the Lions; and authors, their obedient Jackalls. They deal out strictures liberally on all, and yet they are sometimes useful. The philological critic, who preys on

verbiage, is very beneficial to the literary world; for he sifts words; scrutinizes phrases, forms, and styles, and settles the exact standard weight and measure of language: but the moral critic is yet more useful; for *he* anatomizes the moral principles of every writing, and shows the *good* and *evil* which would result from their adoption and exercise. I shall always be gratified to see the good natured critic bring his philanthropic feelings to bear on this rude little bouquet; and should ever the envious and virulent detractor attempt to please his peculiar taste, by plucking at some offensive flower in this rustic collection, *he* is at liberty to exert his power; and if he cannot rest satisfied until his gall and spleen be vented, I shall rejoice to see him discharge his venom; for I am always highly pleased to behold every man disburthened and happy. Such persons may rest assured, that when they become cheerful, I shall be the very last man in the world to disturb their tranquility.

My work, I trust, contains no *personal scurrility*, no *personal inuendo*; it essays to speak of virtue and vice, with their effects, in general terms: If, therefore, any person should be so unlucky as to apply any of the *lower* dramatic personages to himself; my regret for such misjudged application will be sweetened by a consciousness of the rectitude and benevolence of my motives.

With regard to the plan and execution of my poem, it becomes me to say nothing; but that the *notions* and *imagery* are drawn from nature, so far as I could understand and copy her; and are, in some degree, like *her* works, not shaped into cones and globes, and prisms, and pyramids, with mathematical regularity. How far I may have succeeded in copying her forms, and hues, and feelings, you will judge.

Whenever there happened a coincidence in sentiment between myself and others, I have not deemed it prudent to abandon *ideas*, because they were conceived by my predecessors; but I have thought it wise, to present *such ideas* to the world in the simple strains of my own Muse. I flatter myself, that throughout the poem, no language or sentiment has occurred, *to make vice smile; nothing, that may cause virtue to blush.*

It is not intended by any thing here advanced, to say what *I have done*, but merely what I *designed to do*. My efforts may have terminated in abortion. Be that as it may, this little work is *doomed* to be met with much prejudice, and to encounter many *rigorous* and *unnatural* tests, merely because it is *American*. In times of old it was asked in a spirit of defiance, “can any good thing come out of Nazareth?”—Far be from me the profane dream of self-aggrandizement, by comparing

myself with the august subject of that unmerited reproach, when I pronounce the anticipation, that the transatlantic Scribes and Pharisees, who have pre-determined to see nothing but dwarf or vicious products in the *new world*, shall approach (should they ever see) my page, with a similar inquiry of contemptuous defiance. An appeal to them would be full of fear; when made to *you*, it is replete with hope.

Even should I have failed in execution, happy still in exciting beneficial inquiry, and promoting, *even slightly*, the substantial felicity of my readers; happy, if I have suggested any thing, which may, by some future master spirit, be converted into means of furthering the prosperity of my country; with pleasure, I submit my words and diction to the *grammarian*; my *metaphysical reveries* to the *casuist*; and the *essence* of my sentiments to you, my fellow-citizens; whilst I beg leave to remark, that I have been just as clear and laconic as I designed to be, and that my words are as nearly the *exact copies* of my *ideas*, as the fetters of Rhythmus would allow. If, therefore, any defect should appear in *either*, it must be ascribed to the peculiar configuration of my corporeal organs, the idiosyncrasy of my mind, and to those external objects, with which *both* are daily conversant.

In fine, taking my performance for just so much as it is worth, you are called upon to decide, whether or not I am to be disappointed in the flattering expectation of your favorable regards and encouragement, as well as in the rational hope and devout prayer to *do good*.

May the choice blessings of Heaven, life, liberty, prosperity, health and enjoyment, be our portion, fellow-citizens; and your approving smiles and liberal patronage, the boon of

THE AUTHOR.

GOLGOTHA, JAN. 1, 1819.

BOOK I.

Infancy, or that period of life, during which the infant continues under the sole care of the mother.



CONTENTS.

Invocation of the Deity—the birth—parental affection—infantile imitation—the manner in which the child learn things, with their names, qualities and properties; and forms principles in the mind, whilst at the breast, on the knee, and at the mother's side—Cessation of the mother's sole charge.

BOOK I.

A field untried, my Muse would fain explore,
And visit scenes of life ne'er priz'd before;
In great and small, in simple and sublime,
She magic seeks, to lull the griefs of time;
On joys and sorrows she delights to dwell,
And weep, by turns, and into rapture swell:
The pearly tear, that Pity bids to flow,
Endears each throb, and sweetens ev'ry woe.
Keen sorrows once, that pleasant *future* told,
Now gone, a thousand extacies unfold:
Woes once endur'd, are stamp'd on Mem'ry's roll,
And teach sweet feeling to the pensive soul;
No sense of sad reverse e'er stings the heart,
For woes remember'd sweeter bliss impart.
Then sing, my Muse, the scenes thou lov'st so well,
And from each page of life, thy legends tell;
Deduce from all events some heartfelt strain,
A charm for wisdom, and a balm for pain;

The vale of life traverse, and fly sublime,
 Above the fateful monuments of time;
 Disdain not little things, for who can tell,
 To what huge size the smallest things may swell?
 The faintest spark, when kindled to a blaze,
 In awful ruins, mighty cities lays!
 Nor tremble at the great: but daring fly,
 And with the eagles ken invade the sky:
 Let not thy pinions flicker, droop and fall,
 But rise to combat and to conquer all;
 Raise not a winking eye to Heav'ns bright fire—
 That flood of light rolls from a smiling sire.
 Come thou propitious God! inspire my lays,
 And teach the Muse how best to sing thy praise;
 To scan thy works, their sacred import find,
 From thoughtless matter, to the thinking mind;
 To measure right and wrong, and good and ill,
 And speak the blessings of thy sovereign will.
 Send some pure beams from Wisdom's lucid fount,
 Thy wisdom, pow'r and goodness to recount;

Send some blest hues, like seraphs, pure and
bright,

Rob'd in the lustres of ethereal light;

And oh! thy music give to grace the song,

Thy minstrel chaunts—to thee it does belong.

Deem not the prayer, presumptuous and profane,

That craves thy col'ring to enrich my strain;

Nor proud the mind, that dares invoke thy light,

In plastic smiles to beam upon its sight;

But lest our organs shrink, and vision die,

Adjust thy radiance to a mortal eye;

And if the anthems of celestial praise—

That *soul* of music, rich in honeyed maze—

Can for a moment leave th' angelic choir,

Amid the themes, thy realms of bliss inspire;

Oh! let it flow in soul-enliv'ning strain,

Nor to thy creature deem the gift in vain;

Call not the boon mispent, that falls on man

Thine image, cast on Wisdom's sagest plan:

Teach man to man—Oh! be thyself his aim,
 To do thy will, his choice, his bliss, his fame:
 To make him wise and good, thy works display,
 Through all thẽ scenes of life's eventful day;
 From birth to death, let every stage unfold,
 Until the wonders of our life be told:
 Tell every pain, that haunts our pilgrimage,
 With all the mystic spells, that grief assuage;
 Define the passions, appetites and cares;
 The sweets of Virtue; Pleasure's murd'rous
 snares;
 The manners, laws and customs of an age,
 To lustful stupor doom'd, or bigot rage:
 Tell what contagions, Reason pure should spurn,
 How ply her force the noblest rules to learn;
 The pure of heart the hallow'd myst'ry show,
 Of finding bliss e'en in the bounds of woe:
 Be thou, our God—let reason be our guide;
 And in our task we crave no help beside.

And first the infant, let the Muse pourtray,
 The smiling cherub made of finest clay:
 Whilst yet imprison'd in the living tomb,
 How sweetly sleeps the embryo in the womb!
 Organic germs parental nature joins,
 Each impulse-loathing atom well combines,
 To form adds strength, and beautifies the whole,
 The rising mansion of a *sentient* soul;
 Time moulds each bone, and every muscle grows,
 Still nearer perfect as each moment flows;
 The heart expands, the art'ries fill their place,
 Whilst all the veins their ruddy circuit trace;
 Each fluid moves around the well wrought clay,
 As in proud throbs the heart begins to play.
 The nerves and senses are arrang'd at rest,
 The mind in all her faculties is dress'd;
 All dormant lie, prepar'd to greet the morn
 Of life untried—just ready to be born.
 At length the crisis of the birth arrives,
 By nature urg'd, and soon the infant lives;

The mother bears a few convulsive throes,
 And as her infant breathes, *so die her woes.*
 Her dread is full of hope, her pain of joy,
 And all her soul looks smiling on her boy;
 She views the pledge of love, the hope of years,
 And bathes the darling in affection's tears;
 She looks and smiles unutterable things,
 Such as no painter draws, no poet sings;
 Methinks an angel only could reveal
 The throbs of bliss that through her bosom steal;
 With vermill'd cheek and bliss-enliven'd eyes,
 Impearl'd with tears, the father scans the prize;
 Looks up to heaven, half musing praise and prayer,
 Sees dazzling cherubs deck'd in glories fair;
 Then views his son, an image quite divine,
 And smiles to see the heav'nly sunbeam shine;
 Beholds his consort with more fervent glow,
 As rose and lily on her aspect blow;
 Sees brighter beams invest her modest eye,
 And fancies love and music in her sigh.

Through witchcraft of association now,
The infant's charms invest the mother's brow;
There Graces dance in lucid halo round
Her lovely head with fond remembrance crown'd;
In kindling smiles her radiant features dress'd,
Unfold a bliss too sweet to be express'd;
To notes of joy her thrilling accents rise,
And soul in transport sparkles in her eyes.
He marks the boon all pomp and praise above,
And joins the father's to the husband's love;
Melts in fruition, soars from earthly care,
And dwells, like Uriel, in a sunny sphere.
When first the infant breathes the vital gas,
Through tender tubes aerial fluids pass,
With friction rough assault each passive coat,
With rudest pressure labour on the throat,
Invest the lungs, distend their thin-built cells;
And urg'd too roughly ev'ry organ swells.
When forming nature first her action plies,
Her efforts pain—the feeling subject cries:

But all its energies by use increase,
Each pang subsides, and all its soul is peace;
The harmless dreamer now shall seldom weep,
For all it craves is nutriment and sleep.
Too weak as yet its little orbs appear,
To bear the action of the light and air;
The eye incas'd in mucus, dimly sees,
And vision opes by slow and safe degrees:
Design most wise! impinging motes would strain
The filmy coats, and give the humours pain.
When time arrives for every sense to play,
The radiant eye salutes the stream of day;
Sees light and shade and hues innum'rous rise,
To fill the sentient mind with rich surprise.
Now take the subject in a moral view,
The parallel in life holds strictly true;
The mental eye involv'd in dismal glooms,
Scarce sees, and if at all, but faintly looms;
Reason's fixed orbs in lucid pearl-drops swim,
And visual floods do not illumine, but dim.

The mind in time, just like the eye, expands,
Scorns all restraint, dissolves its sable bands;
With forceful grasp arrests converging rays,
And drinks unhurt the whole of Truth's full blaze.
Now all the organs form'd to active play,
Rule each its kingdom with imperial sway;
To hear, to see, to feel, to taste, to smell,
The senses on extraneous objects dwell.
Domains of novel tint unknown before,
In hurried gaze the ravish'd eyes explore;
As pulpy lips impress the Paphian shrine,
And sip a nutriment transcending wine,
Mute in admiring ken, the child descries,
The waving hues in soft succession rise;
Imprints a kiss on each inspiring line,
As round its idol throne kind raptures twine;
With velvet finger points each charming grace,
And reads the meaning of its mother's face.
Her visage bright, does grief or terrour mould?
Its lips protrude, its little muscles fold;

Does blest content her anguish chase away?
 Its features wear the smiles of blooming May;
 And does she frown? the infant's conscious eye,
 Denoting grief, in languor seems to die!
 But should she smile, the gay contagion flits
 To the sweet babe, and on its aspect sits;
 It smiles or cries as sympathy suggests,
 And comfort draws from its fond mother's breasts.
 In new-tried commerce with a world unknown,
 No pleasures yet its passive senses own;
 Extrinsic objects act with harsh controul,
 Pain the weak nerves and shock the tender soul.
 Profoundest myst'ry! Nature does ordain,
 That things for future good, should first give pain;
 'Tis thus our sweetest happiness is bought,
 And bliss abstract from woe, in vain is sought!
 But as the senses more familiar grow,
 With objects full of grief and fraught with woe;
 Sensations pleasant through the fame revolve,
 And magic forms, the icy mind, dissolve;

Fair types of things engross the vacant space,
 And knowledge *simple* holds her destin'd place:
 But full two moons must wheel their stated course,
 Ere mind can rouse from sleep this native force.
 The little wond'rer views the ceaseless change,
 And every object seems grotesque and strange;
 The modulations of quick sound he hears,
 Nor heed their import his unpractis'd ears;
 He views creation in chaotic mass,
 Untaught to paint a form or note a class;
 All shape and size and hue and voice and tone,
 To him alike are new and quite unknown.
 He lists to learn the rudiments of things,
 And wide around his raptur'd vision flings;
 His stamm'ring organs yet untrain'd to speak,
 His wonder vent in accents slow and weak,
 Whilst random gesture lends her feeble aid,
 To show the feelings, that his soul invade.
 Lie still, fond gazer, in thy mother's arms,
 And be content to feast on matchless charms:

The time draws nigh thy falt'ring tongue to free,
 And teach by *words*, the charms thou dost but *see*;
 When types shall vanish, shadows flee away,
 True wonders rise as fairy forms decay;
 The tide of life in rapid transit flows,
 And will ere long thy energies disclose;
 Thy body brace the sturdiest toil to brave,
 And make thy spirits buoyant as the wave;
 With growing strength thou shalt desert the breast,
 And blithesome on the dandling knee shalt rest.
 Then be content to bask in beauty's ray,
 To look and smile and gaze thy soul away;
 A little moment, and thy trance is o'er,
 When thou shalt pass thy life in dreams no more.
 When Time his rapid tides has longer surg'd,
 And on to riper years the infant urg'd;
 When apathy no more his soul enslaves,
 And wider play his mind, attentive, craves;
 His infant languor slowly dies away,
 Then opes a balmy and effulgent day.

Should fell disease her ruthless ire restrain,
 And with her with'ring hand inflict no pain,
 Give way for health her vigor to impart,
 And pour her balm into the infant's heart;
 Then rous'd to sweeter life, he smiles to view
 The little round of things his eyes pursue;
 He marks each object with attention keen,
 And knows it better, as 'tis oft'ner seen;
 Ensures each name to observation brought,
 Conjoins the sound and sense in busy thought;
 A name when often heard, he tries to speak,
 But yet his voice is quite untun'd and weak;
 Uncaught the sound; but if 'tis caught, unknown,
 The varied change of voice is not his own:
 Unpractis'd yet to shew discernment fine,
 He knows not how to choose with just design;
 Of sense regardless, imitates the sound,
 And wild notes sweetly from his lips rebound.
 He coos, full meaning, in melodious air,
 His look and gesture every wish declare,

Whilst imitative jabber oft beguiles
 The tender mother of her tears and smiles.
 Few names he speaks, yet every name is gain'd,
 And by unburthen'd mem'ry fast retain'd;
 Till many sounds have on his organs rung,
 And how to wield them, use has taught his tongue.
 Wise nature gives him sense before mere sound,
 Lest from his lips unmeaning air should bound;
 Thrice happy fate! that nature should restrain,
 To drink her lore, and *then* her language gain:
 We all must learn before we dare to teach,
 For without meaning we but poorly screech.
 Entranc'd in fancy, full of native glee,
 Now view the prattler dandled on the knee;
 Echoing each word, pronouncing every name,
 As the fond parent utters o'er the same;
 Of rapture full, in admiration loud,
 Of chatt'ring fond, and of his music proud.
 Ah! who can trace the wonder-working flame,
 Which at this age pervades the youthful frame!

An Alchymy it seems, sublimely great,
 Chaos to solve and mental pow'rs create—
 T' assign the intellects their proper tone,
 And mould for *Judgement* an imperial throne.
 With art effective all her strength she plies,
 The richest growth of mind to analyze;
 Parental nature ne'er remits her care,
 To noblest port the *best* of man to rear;
 She forms the *Understanding* to receive
 The num'rous images, the senses give;
Reason evolves, to note the hues and shades
 Of nice gradation, that our life pervades;
 To hunt through thought the bright meand'ring
 twine
 Of subtile diff'rence, and with force combine
 The many simple views which fill the soul;
 And range for use a well-connected whole:
 To know what objects, pain; what, pleasure give;
 What things to credit; and what, disbelieve,

Is *Judgment's* province; Reason in disguise,
 In this new task, a graver force applies.
Reason, in silent care, is sitting seen,
 A deep recluse in mem'ry's magazine;
 There hoards she up the merchandize of things,
 Mix'd with the wares each busy porter brings;
 The price of wisdom, and the tax of fools,
 The tricks of *hey-day* and the lore of schools,
 Design'd for future use, when manhood's prime
 Shall search the archives of departed time,
 And *Will* demand through caprice or design,
 The Ophir stores of mem'ry's golden mine.
 Pert goddess, *Fancy*, through her mazes thrids,
 And worlds unfold as she romantic bids;
 Fays, ghosts and goblins at her high command,
 Trace mystic circlets and around her stand;
 Sprites sad and meagre twirl their crested snakes,
 And at the sight her childish bosom quakes;
 Or from the realms of light, majestic forms,
 White as pure snow, sublime as mountain storms

Descend full-gemm'd with light, whilst rainbows
 red,

Ray bright prismatic colours round each head:

Meantime *Imagination's* gorgeous screen

A fairy world displays, in spectral scene.

Thus works the mind, and future song shall tell

The wond'rous port, to which these workings
 swell.

The pride of Love, so volatile and gay,

Who seems from thoughtfulness withdrawn by
 play,

Yet as he spends his fund of lively glee,

And rides and curvets on the bounding knee,

Is solely sway'd by nature's forming laws,

And from her perfect school true wisdom draws.

Though unperceiv'd the windings of the mind,

Effect and cause, in secret, are combin'd;

And while the playful urchin seems to doze,

Some meaning purpose in his bosom grows;

Young principles lie forming in the brain,
 Through future life to bear a steady reign;
 To hallow peace, or else in frenzy rude,
 To curse the mind with fierce inquietude;
 The ministers of human good or ill,
 With balm or bane the cup of life to fill.
 All childish whims are omens good or bad,
 And *she*, who heeds them not, is surely mad;
 For prudent dames should apt occasions take,
 The spell of Vice in early youth to break;
 To note each incident, direct its course,
 And give to nascent reason, Virtue's force.
 To speak of vice, the muse feels no delight,
 The heart at birth, she thinks, is always right;
 With strong dislike to *gen'ral ill* endu'd,
 Instinctive, prone to what is *pure* and *good*;
 With taste for *this*, and strength the prize to gain,
 Not prompt the less from evil to refrain;
 And reason only needs to point its bent,
 And mark its movement with divine intent.

The charge is pious, noble is the task,
 To rend from vice's head the tinsel mask;
 To show the child the thorns around her crest,
 And venom rankling in her serpent breast.
 Nor pious less the task to show and prove,
 By simple lecture duly mix'd with love,
 The blessings great, which purity attend,
 And glories bright, her lily hands extend;
 To show the high rewards, that crown the just,
 And pleasure's victims grov'ling in the dust.
 Slight is the task; for nature makes it so,
 Because inclin'd to bliss, averse to woe;
 For bliss, by wisdom, man was first design'd,
 And for this end, receiv'd a happy mind;
 With countless aptitudes divinely grac'd,
 And 'midst a world of bliss-fraught objects plac'd;
 Some good, some bad; few cloth'd in fancied ill,
 But all for happiness intended still;
 And God vouchsaf'd to give the instinct kind,
 That man from choice might be to bliss inclin'd.

This native tendency each dame should aid,
 Till simple *instinct* rise to *Reason's* grade.
 Sage lessons now by *practice* must be taught,
 For sounding words on words avail but nought;
 The heart expos'd at first to good and ill,
 Is not the pliant subject of the *will*,
 By *reason* made to be a proper guide:
 Hence *right* and *wrong*, by turns, the young betide.
 Then goodness should be shown an angel bright,
 Array'd in beams of pure, celestial light;
 With health fair blushing on her roseate cheek,
 Of mein majestic, ton'd by temper meek;
 Chaste brilliants holding in her snow-white hands,
 To crown the doer of her high commands;
 With eye of *Mercy*, shedding tears to urge
 The doom of *Vice*; yet *just* to ply the scourge.
 This seraph like, each matron should appear,
 And all her attributes devoutly share;
 To actions good, perform'd with pure design,
 Condign reward with cheering praise assign;

But wicked motives shown in cruel guise,
 With wages due and temper'd frowns chastise—
 Not frowns vindictive and with malice red,
 (From such transferr'd, are noxious tempers bred;)
 But *frowns*, with *gifts*, where merit claims the
 meed,

And just corrective to each vile misdeed:
 But as she shrinks, the evil let her tell,
 And on the good in smiling rapture dwell.
 This do, ye dames, and do in such a mood,
 That zeal seem blameless; force seem not too
 rude;

That conduct well-design'd may shew no flaw,
 And mild advice produce the force of law.
 Before your charge, well ponder what you say,
 Lest want of thought or feeling you betray;
 In strict accord let all your actions prove,
 Let sparing words in wisdom's current move;
 By *act* instruct, and not in *speech*; for know,
 When words are void, in vain you words bestow.

Act *well yourselves*, a good example give,
 And teach your charge the noblest way to live;
 The clearest orbit, train him to observe,
 Instil a horror from that course to swerve;
 Just like his lucid prototype, the sun,
 The beamy course, in after life, he'll run.
 So did Melinda—She, whose noble soul,
 Disdain'd to drink of Circe's poison'd bowl;
 Who, form'd by nature to inspire with awe,
 Through all her life observ'd chaste reason's law;
 Conceived in virtue, destin'd to be pure,
 For every vice she sought immediate cure;
 Untaught to fawn, to flatter or to feign,
 Her candour ne'er through life incurr'd a stain.
 In judgement just; and of perception clear,
 Of heart unsullied and of pious fear;
 Truth seal'd her words, affection sway'd her breast,
 And apt she was to bless, as to be blest.
 With holy care Melinda rear'd her child,
 In conduct, upright; in affection mild;

Set vice and virtue in his infant view,
 And *that* she taught to shun; and *this*, pursue.
 Her theme was simple and her lecture such,
 Nor did she ever deem the labour much:
 Sweet was the task; for great the recompense
 Must surely be, to raise the man of sense!
 Learn'd was Melinda, wisdom's darling queen,
 And all her knowledge in her son is seen.
 Philosophy she taught in simple tale,
 Nor in effect did her example fail;
 Each scene familiar, life's most dusky hue,
 Touch'd by her thought, in lively verdure grew;
 From courtly seats down to the cottage lawn,
 From Heav'n, from earth—the wisest lore was
 drawn;
 Things great or small in simple language dress'd,
 With charming fervor on the mind she press'd.
 She was at once the *mother* and the *friend*,
 Each grace she taught to grow; each fault, to
 mend;

Till by great labour, guided by nice rules,
 She rear'd a prodigy ne'er found in schools.
 Led by his mother's fascinating strain,
 Eugenius smiled at toil and care and pain,
 Fair Science gain'd, his duties understood;
 And now he shines, the man both *great* and *good*.
 Speak, speak the joy; Melinda sees the son,
 From mental darkness by affection won,
 Shine on the rolls of Fame, a hero, sage,
 The prop and staff of her declining age!
 Go, do the like, ye dames, not favour'd less,
 Thus crown your years, and thus your offspring
 bless;

Like feeling mothers, use Melinda's art,
 To light the mind and humanize the heart;
 In conduct, holy, diligent and sage,
 Like her, your children rear to bless the age;
 Oh! like Melinda, by your labour save,
 The sweetest—happiest trophy for the grave.

The early age of torpor now is past,
 Thus but a moment infant dozes last;
 Time's many changes steal in rapid flight,
 Unseen as wind, and swift as beams of light;
 Each change of time producing change of form,
 Whilst brighter thoughts th' expanding bosom
 warm.

The tender victim, weakness now deserts,
 And he a new-born energy exerts;
 Elastic are his limbs, his loins are strung,
 And louder accents swell upon his tongue.
 Fatigued with rest, disdainful of restraint,
 The little chatt'rer mutters his complaint;
 Whene'er encircled in the fond embrace,
 He scouts confinement and demands release.
 With artless innocence he ceaseless plays,
 His buxom gambols in a thousand ways;
 By turns he leaps and crawls, then sits and stares,
 And laughs or cries as toss'd by diff'rent cares;

Till by degrees he lifts his frame earth-prone,
 And rises first by aid, then stands alone;
 When tried his limbs, he finds he may confide,
 He first essays to walk with stagg'ring stride;
 With fearful steps the trembling reeler stalks,
 Till practice-taught, at length he stately walks.
 No more endungeon'd at the shrine of bliss,
 No more the victim of th' incessant kiss;
 No more the suckling of the milky pap,
 No more the tenant of the fondling lap;
 Of locomotion proud, he strangely burns
 To range at large; but often still returns,
 To taste the comfort of the genial breast,
 And cradle on the lap of Love to rest;
 With keener zest he quaffs the nectar'd food,
 And shows his glad surprise in laughing mood;
 He often pauses 'midst the rich regale,
 In restless glow to lisp some pleasing tale;
 Flush'd with success, he runs now here, now there,
 And burns with rapture as new sights appear;

Familiar objects when examin'd much,
Give new impressions to the hasty touch;
The *sight* and *feeling* mystically join'd,
Convey fresh notions to the astonish'd mind;
On each rare theme the happy gazer dwells,
And every wonder to his mother tells;
And if a nectar'd kiss his errand brings,
He tries again in num'rous little things,
To win the meed; and if an apt reply,
Charm'd with a smile and raptur'd with a sigh,
Should be return'd; he claps his little hands,
His eye enkindles as his soul expands:
Felicities in every scene abounds,
And blest enchantment lights the simple round.
This is the time to show a mild controul,
To purify the heart and form the soul;
The mother's bliss, the darling's joy, pray tell,
Ye, who on scenes like this, delight to dwell;
What raptures sweet the matron's heart elate,
When manly promise crowns the youthful prate;

When Wisdom's rays sit sparkling in the eye,
 And golden hope beatifies each sigh!
 Once lost, that mind of promise stood in gloom,
 Ungrac'd, unblest with one poor transient bloom;
 Like costly diamonds in Golconda's mine,
 Which, hid in darkness, still deserv'd to shine;
 When Art, all-searching art, in time of old,
 A mode to find the brilliants ne'er had told;
 Though deep-imbedded, precious were the gems,
 Handsome and pure and swimming in rich beams;
 Unknown their name, their nature and their worth,
 Until the miner drew them from the earth.
 'Tis education's task to search, and find
 The intellects, those diamonds of the mind;
 To teach their worth, their nature and their name,
 And make them in the sun of science flame.
 If by some skilful hand these gems are sought,
 From filth unclog'd and with full radiance fraught,
 For current use in God's own image dress'd,
 And with the stamp of *use divine* impress'd;

They banish far the gloom of Gothic night,
And shed ten thousand blessings in their light:
But if despis'd, unnotic'd and unknown,
The jewels lie, like earth-encumber'd stone;
No thick irradiation gilds the prize,
To feast and dazzle th' enchanted eyes:
And if when found; unpolish'd, unrefin'd,
The quarry-tarnish'd brilliants of the mind,
Still wear the nuisance of the sable shroud;
Grim ills brood o'er the soul, and horrors crow'd!
The man of sorrows in this vale of tears,
By hope deluded, sorely vex'd with fears,
A weary, wilder'd pilgrim, sighs to greet,
The lamp of day to guide his erring feet;
But ever-during shades his eyes invest,
And grisly spectres haunt his dismal breast!
Allur'd by passion, and by sense defiled,
The man by pleasure into vice beguil'd,
Will find his mental force and beauty spent,
When sense no more a single throb can vent:

And feeling pleasure's scanty sources fail,
 Be doom'd to bitter, unredeeming wail.
 Like some frail ship by raging billows toss'd,
 With sails storm-rent and with its rudder lost;
 By passion drifted, mind runs out amain,
 And seldom to her mooring comes again;
 The pilot *Reason*, quits the shatter'd helm,
 And vice's waves the wretched bark o'erwhelm.
 And must the Muse, eternal silence hold?
 Or shall the ruin of our race be told?
 Sad is the tale, for such the dire portent,
 In days of yore from aged Atlas went!
 In Afric's burning sands, his granite feet,
 Firm and unmov'd the foamy billows meet;
 Whilst in loud fury rumbling to the shore,
 The sky-borne surges raise the bellowing roar;
 Wave after wave repeats the dread menace,
 And thunders ruin on our guilty race!
 High to the skies he rears his hoary head;
 Around in dark-brown clouds, the kidnapp'd dead,

Ride on the whirlwind, murmur in the storm,
 And all the beauties of the world deform;
 By death releas'd from slavery and despair,
 Past wrongs they mourn amid the troubled air;
 Their fury pour, in lightning's fatal flame,
 Their vengeance in the thunder's roar proclaim;
 They smile to hear the rocking vollies roll,
 And shake a sinful world from pole to pole;
 They find proud triumph in each flash and peal,
 And shout as foes and former dungeons reel:
 Whilst Afric's genius into frenzy wrought,
 Thus pours in vengeance his portentous thought:
 "Whose are yon sails, that captive take my breeze,
 Those daring ships, that thus invade my seas?
 Who bids them proudly ride my mountain wave,
 And in my floods their hateful bosoms lave?
 What dire presage, what deeds of death and woe,
 And purpose fell sit brooding o'er your prow?
 Perchance the stealers of my subjects, there,
 Muster their force and hellish frays prepare:

Yes, lo! the murd'rous bands in dread array,
 Load the proud main and dim the groaning day;
 Bear hell's tornadoes in their hands of might,
 And fix to wage, for gain unequal fight!
 Now to my shores in madd'ning pomp and pride,
 The dismal dungeons rob'd in midnight ride;
 Disgorge their bandits, foul and black-soul'd host,
 To deal destruction on my subject coast!
 Estrang'd from pity, they disdain to feel,
 For hearts they have as obdurate as steel;
 By av'rice goaded and to mammon sold,
 They seek for bliss in piles of furtive gold;
 Regardless of the means, they toil to gain,
 Whatever can, their idol wealth, obtain;
 Alike regardless of the wrong and right,
Their plea's expedience; and their justice, might;
 Their means they hallow by the end in view,
 And as it urges, wantonly pursue,

Through life, through death, their ever damning
aim,

And seek by sinful deeds, a deathless name;

A deathless name! Yes, hear the dire presage,

That issues from the lips of hoary age;

Infernals hear—for *such* your race I name,

By justice damn'd to everlasting fame—

On mercy's seat, behold the God of all,

In fiery record trace your horrid fall,

The bloody fate, with fear and trembling see,

Which justice seals, as wisdom does decree.

He'll cause your land with rending throes to quake,

And on his foes a Godlike vengeance take!

My race, by nature wise and free as *you*,

Like wolves you hunt, like rav'nous beasts pursue;

Of freedom rob, their fond connexions rend,

Despoil of all and into thraldom send;

“Nor is this all”—here murky wreaths fly round,

And with black clouds his snow-white locks are

bound;

Dread storms of fury crowd upon his brow,
 And o'er his lips a thousand horrors flow!
 He thrice essays to speak, and thrice a sound,
 Of lumb'ring murmurs beats his caves around;
 At length his bosom heaves a doleful sigh,
 And fiery streams of vengeance fill his eye;
 He pours his threat'nings in the thunder's strain,
 His mountain reels and backwards shrinks the
 main:

“Nor is this all; you basely buy and sell,
 And every change but gives them more of hell;
 Their minds you chill and shroud in midnight
 gloom;

And in the flesh you seal the spirit's doom;
 Condemn'd to work, to vegetate and rot,
 Their graces and their virtues are forgot—
 Ah! ne'er forgot—oh! that oblivion's tide,
 These gifts of nature from your view could hide;
 Unseen by you, the soul would yet revive,
 And all its energies, neglected, thrive;

But *int'rest* urges *malice* to destroy,
 The mighty soul, for fear it might annoy;
 You homage claim of body and of soul,
 The *one* you task, the *other* you controul.
 Content not with their blood, their sweat and gain,
 You basely make them sons of vice and pain!
 Know then, vile bandits, that your children are,
 Doom'd to their charge, doom'd all their vice to
 share;
 Doom'd to imbibe their principles of wrong,
 And brook the ills, that to my race belong;
 Their guilt to feel; their crimes, when young,
 incur,
 And at no distant day, their fate to share.
 Curs'd be your sons, ye cursers of my race,
 Great be your woe; and dismal, your disgrace."—
 Then hush'd the God: tremendous thunders roll,
 And lightnings send their hissings to the pole;
 His caves deep murmur and his billows shake,
 And distant worlds with big commotion quake;

Sun sees the sign and veils his blazing face,
 Bemoans our guilt and tearful views our race!
 Nor storm'd the threat in vain; the kidnapp'd
 brood,
 Robb'd of their rights and barr'd of every good;
 Barren of mind, and in their manners base,
 We foolish, o'er our infant nurseries place.
 The blooming charge oft leaves the mother's
 charms,
 To breathe infection in the bondsman's arms;
 Oft the pert youngling quits the mother's side,
 To mess with slaves, to follow as they guide.
 He learns their jargon; all their maxims learns;
 Contracts their habits; with their passions burns;
 Becomes dishonest, flatters, truckles, steals,
 Heirs all their fears, partakes their guilty meals;
 Wise converse spurns, and deeds of heroes rise,
 And every manly virtue basely flies.
 Of taste depriv'd, and judgment prone to err,
 His early habits lead him to prefer,

The black companions of his early days,
 With all their sinful deeds and vulgar ways;
These too are simple—simple is their lore,
 And slight the task their manners to explore;
 This brief of labour and low Pleasure's guile,
 Enchain the victim, and his heart defile.
 Nurs'd in corruption—neither wise nor bold,
 He's rais'd for commerce—to be bought and sold;
 Than *self* no other spring e'er moves his breast,
 And all he craves, is gewgaws, pelf and rest.
 Devoid of genius and bereft of pride,
 No manly ardours through his bosom glide;
 No sky-borne flight, no gen'rous view, no aim
 At future grandeur, point him out to Fame;
 Dead to himself, his friends, his native land,
 He haunts the sty, and loves the swinish band:
 Thus rear'd by slaves, he ever lives a slave,
 For crouching bondsmen seldom rear the brave.
 Here shall the Muse in lonely anguish groan,
 Her last strain sigh, and unregard'd moan?

If mounts of Adamant rose beetling round,
 And louring Vengeance arch'd the dread profound;
 The bounds she'd burst to sing the awful strain,
 That flows an antidote to future pain.

Columbia's matrons, view yon ghastly sight,
 That shades with raven wings the globe of light;
 That walks in giant stride your borders round,
 And with a wand of vengeance scaths the ground!
 His eyes are streaming meteors, edg'd with smoke,
 And in his hand he bears an iron yoke;
 His feet are brass, and earthquakes howl below,
 Whilst in their traces hot contagions flow;
 His robe is lightning, fring'd with dazzling gold,
 Thick hung with weapons of infernal mould!
 The bolts of Fate roll thund'ring round his head,
 And Deaths deep clust'ring urge his fatal tread!
 That monstrous fiend in shape and aspect fell,
 Is *Despotism*, eldest born of Hell:
 His sire *Mammon*, miser of the earth,
 And proud *Falseglory* gave this monster birth.

He smites our border with his potent hand,
 And soon convulsion trembles through the land;
 Earth opes; and from the abyss upon a storm,
 Rides forth a fury of prodigious form;
 Of many hues, of thousand shapes and eyes,
 He rears his snaky ringlets to the skies;
 Each hissing serpent more replete with guile,
 Than that of yore which Eden did defile;
 To ruin *two*, the latter was decreed,
 The *former* will full *millions* cause to bleed!
 'Tis bloody *Anarch* destin'd to confuse,
 Your much-lov'd sons, and bloody broils diffuse;
 To plunge both wise and simple deep in strife,
 And make the brave too prodigal of life;
 To fill the soul with base, revengeful fire,
 And sire oppose to son, and son to sire;
 Bid battle rage, bid mix'd relations die,
 Make freemen slaves; and opposition fly.
 When all our virtue, with our strength, is gone,
 Then Despotism comes and mounts the throne;

On subject necks, the galling yoke she lays,
 An iron sceptre, drunk with blood, she sways!
 Our boasted Freedom, like a morning dream,
 Affrighted flies—nor leaves the faintest gleam;
 Our swelling souls, like wreaths of snow, then must
 Fall and dissolve and mingle with the dust!
 Some future parent, as he shakes his chains,
 And *thinks of former times*, to ease his pains;
 May look with tearful eye upon his son,
 And tell of mighty deeds and Washington!
 Some master bard perchance the song may raise,
 And tell the glorious feats of other days;
 And if the tyrant sway of pow'r permit,
 Past scenes enjoying, present griefs forget.
 But poor the prospect! Savage rule will make,
 Parents sit mute, and Bards the truth forsake;
 And nought but bombast will be seen in verse,
 The king and Lordling's actions to rehearse;
 Imputing virtues ne'er by Demons own'd,
 And dealing praises on the unrenown'd!

Curs'd then will science be: our race she'll sink,
Restrain our speech, and teach us *not to think*;
Our goods impound, and teach our conscience right
How best to cow'r and worship lawless might!
Sad, sad reverse! though but in fancy ken'd,
Its woful scenes the feeling bosom rend!
Though Fancy paints, yet reason owns the view,
The clear result of causes strictly true.
Forgetful of our high descent, we all,
True modern Adams, seek a dreadful fall;
The serpent tempts, our modest Eves give up
Angelic bliss, and rank perdition sup;
Our modern Adams of the fruit partake,
Their trance is o'er, to torture they awake;
Curses entail upon their infant charge,
Their joys curtail and bitter griefs enlarge.
Slaves near our offspring, teach them to be slaves,
And stoop to kingship, when a madman raves:
The larger portion of our children are,
Thus made the victims of Ambition's snare.

Nor is Ambition absent: she, who trains,
 A fiery Lordling, fond of whips and chains;
 Who, at the poor, is taught to laugh and sneer,
 And o'er the helpless weak to domineer;
 Of might too conscious; who is griev'd to see,
 His fellow youths his equals gay and free;
She trains the despot of a hideous port,
 Design'd to make his fellow men his sport;
She trains the monster, that with felon heart,
 Can live on crime, and play the tyrant's part;
 Can raise an impious and a bloodstain'd hand,
 Against the worthy patriots of our land,
 Assail the union and annul each right,
 And bind us victims to usurping might.
 The task is great the evil to eschew,
 But oh! ye dames, can be perform'd by you;
 Ere time dissolve your fond, maternal care,
 Read wisdom's lessons in your offspring's ear;
 Oh! teach; yes, often teach, that God is wise,
 His actions pure and void of all disguise;

He sees our conduct and our heart he knows,
 Rewards his friends and punishes his foes;
 That *just* himself, he will reward the *just*,
 With all the *good*, who place in him their trust;
 He has the *power* to kill at once or save,
 And give sweet peace or torment to the grave;
 He deals in *mercy* and will spare the meek,
 And those reward, who will that mercy seek,
 That he is *good*, and gives the joys of life,
 The God of peace, averse to bloody strife;
 That in his image every man he form'd,
 And with his breath each human bosom warm'd;
All equal made and of a kindred clay,
All free to love, and him alone obey.
 Teach them that kings are of a cursed race,
 And every despot merits Ham's disgrace;
 That Nimrod first a king, the devil made,
 Against God's word, his people to degrade;
 And every man in sin and bloodshed vers'd,
 A cursed sprout springs from a stock accurs'd.

These maxims teach, and shew them right and
wrong,

What deeds are pure, and what to vice belong;

These, with all worthy principles instil,

The mind, with grace; the heart, with virtue fill:

Remember, speech and deed of vulgar cast,

Take hold the quickest, and the longest last;

And ne'er permit the vicious hand or tongue,

To shed its poison on the docile young;

Such fatal influence with the mind efface,

And all the greatness of the heart debase.

Cling to your charge, yourselves perform the task,

Nor ever aid from abject menials ask;

Do this,—and sages will again arise,

With heroes grand to emulate the skies.

Thus rose the heroes of proud "Seventy Six,"

Who did the hearts of murd'ros foes transfix;

Who thunder'd terrors on both kings and lords,

And drove afar their base, marauding hordes;

Who stemm'd the torrent of oppression's flood,
 And bought our freedom with their wealth and
 blood.

Pray, tell the young, their perils, deeds and fame,
 Infuse their glory as you breathe their flame;
 Oh! tell, that gall'd by fell oppression's chain,
 They rose, like God's, from Florida to Maine;
 Dar'd the proud tyrant, prostrate laid his might,
 And march'd triumphant from the finish'd fight;
 Then greatly liv'd with liberty imbued,
 And peace and plenty, with their laurels strew'd
 O'er teeming fields, where *art* and *science* beam'd,
 To bless a race by val'rous arms redeem'd.
 Tell tales of woe till fury fire the eye,
 And big emotion prompt the lovely sigh;
 Then charm the soul with deeds of valour past,
 And long—yes, *long* will such impressions last;
 Then distant world's will venerate our name,
 And future ages emulate our fame.

When tales maternal, like the songs of old,
 That minstrels sang and bards inspir'd told,
 From repetition have familiar grown,
 And set themselves to wisdom's magic tone;
 When, like lov'd tunes meand'ring through the
 brain,

They flow spontaneous and expel all pain,
 Convey soft rapture and the mind regale,
 As thoughts delicious on their eddies sail;
 Or like an eastern cloud, thin, flaky, white,
 Expanding changeful tints to morning light,
 On which departed friends are seen to ride,
 And through the welkin, sweetly smiling glide,
 Bring dear past scenes to *Superstition's* view,
 And vision'd things, the shadows of the true:
 E'en so the music of the mother's tongue,
 Re-lights the infant's breast with glow of song;
 Which, trill'd in melting, melancholy sounds,
 In softest, heart-enchancing truth abounds:

In soothing cadence, maxims ling'ring still,
 Their balmy virtue through the soul distill;
 The tale oft told, and heard with pleasure oft,
 Replete with moral set to pathos soft—
 Though now no more the teaching matrons sing—
 Still on the attentive organ seems to ring:
 And though first deem'd but pleasantry and mirth,
 Forms rules of life of great intrinsic worth.
 The recollective pow'rs exert their sway,
 And clear as noontide sun, the *past* display:
 Scenes gay or grave, or full of good or ill,
 Rise full in view, obedient to the *will*.
 The storied urn pours forth its changeful lots,
 On stately palaces and lowly cots;
 The proud, the fool, the humble and the wise,
 The tax of vice, and virtue's golden prize;
 What social acts portend disastrous fate;
 What foul or fair, great wealth and fame create;
 The pains, that lurk in nectar got by stealth,
 The ills, that brood o'er base extorted wealth;

Remorse of wrong, content and bliss of right,
 Suff'rance of weakness, cruelty of might;
 Pale envy's writhings, rankling passion's spleen;
 Wan love despondent on the smiling green;
 Fierce hatred raging with corroding flame,
 Because his master miss'd his greedy aim;
 Bliss dress'd in smiles and tears; oft grief forlorn,
 Because the feeling heart must sometimes mourn;
 The pleasures and the pains of epicure,
 Who eats to live, and lives to eat the more;
 The Cynic's bosom strife, the Stoic's phlegm,
 Pride's lofty pomp, Ambition's turbid stream;
 The coward's deathful fear, the madman's strife,
That glued to Earth, this prodigal of life;
 Beauty's wild whims, her washes, filters, paints,
 And all the tribe of modern, *punkish* saints.
 His aspect gladdens, and his bosom swells,
 As just recital on the worthy dwells;
 And Fame benignant on her vot'ry show'rs,
 The richest tribute of her sweetest flowers.

He feeling cries, when dread oppression's wrong,
 Augments the burden of the matron's song;
 Laments when Merit falls without her meed,
 As oft she does, all poets are agreed;
 But cackling Mirth can scarce restrain her side,
 When sad mishaps the libertine betide;
 When apish beauties and abandon'd sots,
 Are justly punish'd in their sports and plots;
 When pimps and bawds and bon-vivants and
 shrews,
 Meet due misfortune in their loathsome stews.
 Each tale of Mem'ry holds some moral sense,
 The fool's reproach, the wise man's recompense,
 To rule to virtue all unfair intent,
 And turn to profit every incident.
 Taught thus betimes to feel and understand,
 His childhood legends he can well command,
 When instance prompts and reason sagely calls,
 To know the "*Why*," and where the meaning
 falls.

He hunts the tablet of tradition'd lore,
 Refers each new-made case to one before,
 With steady view and penetrating eyes,
 And critic niceness, into Nature pries;
 Grasps the whole scale of shades and attitudes,
 Observes, collates, deduces and concludes;
 And never fails his *reason* to consult,
 In *judgment* strict to give the true result.
 All simple ages by learn'd fools despis'd,
 Are by the sons of wisdom highly priz'd,
 As golden eras full of light and ease,
 When Nature's liberty and candour please.
 Wholesome and pure, unmix'd with modern taint,
 Once men and manners were as Ancients paint,
 The great, the good, the happy Saturn reign'd,
 With sceptre mild, by human gore unstain'd;
 No laws then frown'd, no vice, no vicious strife,
 For pride was then but sanctity of life;
 All harmoniz'd, compos'd a friendly whole,
 Like some fair body, mov'd by some pure soul.

Then streams flow'd honey; nectar oaks distill'd,
 All nature smil'd; for Earth with Heav'n was fill'd.
 Strange that in modern times the precious ore,
 Should be alloy'd until 'tis Gold no more.
 Base metal gilded, silver tinsel'd sold,
 By learned hucksters, pass for virgin gold.
 Childhood's of late the time of Saturn's reign,
 But soon, too soon, his gold begins to wane!
 Their noblest art or coiners misemploy,
 To deal out dross and give the world alloy.
 The rules of Art in good contrivance great,
 To give man dignity and port and state,
 By silly architects are misapplied,
 Not to build up, but spread destruction wide;
 Each artist plies his compass, square and rule,
 To circumscribe and check and mark the fool;
 From Vicc's vat our daubers then deface,
 With ill-mix'd varnish, every native grace.
 Let not the Muse on all, her censure deal,
 Nor from the brow of Worth a garland steal;

But let her smile when Merit wins her praise,
 And scowl at vice in keen satiric lays:
 She can bewail when human frailty sinks,
 And deep of Guilt's empoison'd chalice drinks:
 'Tis hers to feel when *manly reason* weeps;
 To scold and frown when *drowsy reason* sleeps;
 'Tis hers to lash when *sense and vice* conjoin,
 And mingle malice, through accurs'd design,
 To cloud the mind, the tender heart to steel,
 And teach the reckless victim *not to feel*.
 The Muse has sigh'd to see the loveliest fair,
 With rose-bud cheek and evangelic air.
 Of sunny features and dissolving eyes,
 Rise, like a vision blest, to grace the skies,
 Majestic walk amid the sparkling blaze,
 Of gems and jewels rich above all praise;
 Whilst silks and gauzes floated on the breeze,
 In every mode that could enchant and please:
 The contour perfect and the aspect bright,
 The whole assemblage form'd a matchless sight;

Beauty seem'd proud to nestle on her face,
 Her mein was dignity, her motion grace.
 But ah! she spoke! gone was the sacred spell,
 As senseless jargon from her sweet lips fell;
 Passion and Appetite defil'd her breast,
 She but a handsome statue stood confest!
 Deep bath'd in Pity's tears and flush'd with shame,
 Impell'd by feelings mix'd of love and blame,
 The fond Muse wept, and thought in anguish wild;
 "Ah! how could this machine rear up a child!
 She might, indeed, in love-sick frenzy gloat,
 And teach her child on empty things to doat;
 But ne'er could be, as every wife should be,
Her husband's love, her child's felicity!"

When winter all his storms tremendous blows,
 Of wind and rain and hail and ceaseless snows;
 When ice-bound Cold his thousand terrors pours,
 Each crackling hearth in flaming fury roars,
 And all the elements in strife combin'd,
 Excite harsh terrours in the tender mind;

Some frantic Beldame then perchance is seen,
Of haggard visage and of haggish mein,
Before the hearth; and quite encircled round,
The young group sit, attentive to each sound,
Trembling with dread and sinking back aghast,
As reels the dome from every rocking blast.
She stirs the flame, and spends her chilly lore,
And each fresh blast augments her noxious store;
She tells of witches, wizzards, devils, fays,
Describes their forms and all their monstrous ways;
Ope's their enchantments with disease and woe,
With all the horrors, that in witchcraft flow;
How fierce they fly unseen amidst the storm,
Demolish houses and the world deform;
How in black caves and solitary glooms,
In ocean's depth and round the fest'ring tombs,
On human gore in sumptuous state they fare,
Their spells contrive, and mutter, squint and stare!
Perhaps all shiv'ring and with fear-blear'd eyes,
She cringing tells how hags ride round the skies,

On human bodies till the breath is spent,
And bloody, mangled corpses downward sent!
Or late at night when Owls their armours hoot,
And hissing meteors through the welkin shoot;
When savage beasts loud lift the hungry howl,
And every glen re-echoes to the Owl;
When angry clouds begloom the vale of life,
And all seems babbling tumult and fierce strife;
That grisly phantoms haunt the downy bed,
And rank their parents with the ghastly dead!
Or o'er the cradle all their venom shake,
And bid the tender sleep no more awake!
She swears a thousand frightful shapes they be ar
And thousands oft in one dread form appear.
The beldame raves, each trembler dreams in fear
He sees the demon and his end is near;
Each dog, that howls; each well-fed cat that mew,
Each whistling breeze portends some deadly news;
Fear conquers reason; ardent soul is chill'd,
With ghosts and goblins and dread omens fill'd!

The nurse and beldame oft in union rant,
 And teach the child their superstitious cant;
 He mopes in fear and lives a fev'rish slave,
 And hugs his superstition to the grave.
 Ye, who would raise the man, these pests discard,
 And teach your charge his reason to regard;
 For early darkness thickens o'er the mind,
 And superstition renders *reason* blind,
 Makes *faith*, a *coward*; vision'd horrors flow,
 Through brains fermented by ideal woe.
 Look through the world; see, superstition reigns,
 'Midst whips and scourges, manacles and chains,
 Thrown round a blood-stain'd cross, her realm to
 buoy,
 And sanctify the hand, that dares destroy.
 With bigotry she never fails to bind,
 The proudest form, and quell the strongest mind:
They chaunt our virtue as our vice they feed,
They praise our health as they contagion breed;

They talk of freedom as they gag the slave,
 And offer life as they unfold the grave;
 They praise religion as they God defy,
 And teach their victims how to *serve* and *die!*
 Could all the tears and blood they ever shed,
 Collect and roll upon one common bed;
 Another flood would tumble round the world,
 And into ruin nations would be hurl'd!
 Could all the sighs and groans and shrieks and
 flame,
 They ever mov'd to weep their hellish fame,
 Be congregated in a general roar,
 Nature would shrink and chaos reign once more!
 At all their horrors in one angry doom,
 Life die away, and earth become a tomb!
 Alas! how many try the hellish scheme,
 To blot his works and mighty God blaspheme;
 To blacken nature with demoniac art,
 Dose man to sleep and crowd the tyrant's mart!

How many hypocrites to gain applause,
 Defile the glories of immanuel's cause;
 Profane the triumphs of the *Prince of peace*,
 And by their wiles the devil's sway increase!
 By wily *king-craft* garb'd in *priestly* rule,
 And dark finesse, the wiseman's made a fool;
 The well-strung muscles of a lion-port,
 Are made the foot-ball of the placeman's sport.
 Slave-making custom bears resistless sway,
 And tortur'd nature sinks and swoons away!
 To guileful *custom*, *nature is applied*,
 And art-school'd preachers, *nature pure*, deride;
 By *art*, deprav'd, they storm and madly rave,
 In psalms of triumph over virtue's grave;
 Impure themselves, on evil seen they rant,
 Of sin original and Adam cant;
 And whilst in foaming bigotry they fret,
 A monstrous devil of their own beget.
 Let none mistake the meaning of the muse,
 Nor think one pious preacher she'd abuse;

With reverence she views, and filial awe,
 The true expounder's of God's holy law;
 But ever let her indignation perch,
 Upon the fatal priestcraft of that church,
 Whose *will* is *law*, whose *soul* is paltry gain;
 Whose *tenets*, *error*; and whose *bliss* is *pain*;
 Whose ruling passion is like Aaron's rod,
 Whose pow'r supreme is a *vindictive* God;
 Whose ministers are pension'd to pervert,
 Clear gospel truths and moral rule subvert;
 The weak and thoughtless, suffocate with fears,
 And crush the spirit with distracting cares;
 Till blind credulity itself might doubt,
 And gather strength to drive delusion out:
 To curse great nature, no remorse they feel,
 And e'en the fate of infant cherubs seal!
 They butcher *reason* and pollute the *will*,
 The morbid breast with superstition fill;
 They tear the balsam from the bleeding heart,
 Rank bane infuse and bid e'en life depart;

They catechise by an infernal form,
 And make the child a bigot and a worm.
 They cry down *Mercy*, and her charms they sell,
 And preach e'en native innocence to hell;
 They dose each hobby and each purse unstring,
 And o'er the grave of vice a *requiem* sing!
These, hate the muse; no grace is in their prayer,
 'To innocence and virtue, foes they are;
 Of pretext high; in goodness, lank and thin;
 They chasten not; but teach the young *to sin*:
 And tenfold worse! beneath a Godly mask,
 They sigh and groan and do the wicked task;
 They give God's sanction to their vile misdeeds,
 Whilst nature struggles as her virtue bleeds!
 They seize the bolts of fate with daring hand,
 And peal damnation round a dying land;
 Each foe in person to their hell is doom'd,
 Each diverse sect in misery entomb'd!
 But happy fate! the great, eternal hand,
 Our little world in perfect wisdom plann'd,

As much extended and as much confin'd,
 As best would suit the human frame and mind;
 With *love* to tempt, and *reason* to restrain,
 Allur'd by pleasure and repell'd by pain;
 With light to guide, but lest that light should blind,
 The verge of thought in pathless shades confin'd;
 With strength to aid, but lest that strength should
 harm,

Resolv'd its rage, with meekness to disarm:
 To human action meted out its sphere,
 And with his veto seal'd the strong barrier.
 And bless'd be God! though thoughtless men
 declaim,

Demand his vengeance and blaspheme his name;
 Device, through zeal; and strength through vio-
 lence fails;

His goodness reigns, his sovereign *will* prevails:
 God *makes*, to *save*; but angry zealots tell,
 He foredoom'd infants to be born for hell:

Strange that *perfection* should in *mercy* make,
A thinking innocent for vengeance' sake!
Look, ye corrupters, ye vindictive crew,
Look, look on nature undefil'd by you,
Without your pride, without your pageantry,
Without your tarnish and your filigree;
Unknown to guilt, devoid of sin's black shame,
Clear of remorse and of seraphic fame.
Gaze on the innocence denounc'd by you,
And own the muse's painting strictly true.
Ere yet the child the world's deep tarnish takes,
And to the sense of crime and guilt awakes;
Whilst yet he basks in dear maternal arms,
Or roving, eyes a God in nature's charms;
To heav'n a more impressive likeness bears,
Than azure zones or gold-bespangled stars;
Fresh from perfection's touch, his lovely mind,
Attun'd to beauty, is by grace refin'd;
No woes of moral wrong his soul betide,
No statute rules him; God his only guide,

Adorns his mind with mingled strength and grace,
 And spreads the lively roses o'er his face:
 His tuneful utt'rance seems almost divine,
 And every gambol's full of grand design;
 A stranger to offence, unknown to sin,
 God is his father, angels are his kin—
 To picture heaven, vain were line on line,
 One word's enough—'tis infant—that's divine.
 Then for your rude impieties atone,
 Besiege old vice and hoary crime dethrone;
 Curtail your curses, hush your frantic roar,
 And with devotion, innocence adore:
 Pure infant sweetness, all your arts, will foil,
 And from its sacred shrine your shafts recoil.
 The breath of childhood, as the morning dew,
 When fragrant spangles, every spray, bestrew,
 Warm'd by the fervor of religious sense,
 Springs from the hallow'd soul, like frankincense,
 In nature's silent homage soars above,
 And meets the approving smile of perfect love.

Be like your victims, simple, artless, pure,
 Your crimes repent and all your errors cure;
 Do right, teach mercy, always deal in love,
 And then the meed of joys eternal prove.

Should infants 'scape the quicksands shaking
 round,

And toils of vice, that thickly shade the ground,
 Wrought out and spread by those, who see or
 feign,

Chance of promotion or some glimpse of gain,
 Shoot from the gulf of ruin or the tomb,

In which they seal the prospect giving doom;

Then the preceptor of the honest heart,

May ply his rules and exercise his art:

May teach the sprout to rise, the tree to grow,

And make its germs in grand exub'rance blow.

But should the heart from virtue be estrang'd,

And all the moral regimen derang'd;

Then can no doctor e'er so good or wise,

Reduce the habit and unseal the eyes:

Forever darkling and forever lost,
Full of base humours, with hot fevers toss'd;
The desp'rate patient will all cure defy,
In darkness grope his way, in sorrow die,
Ye, mothers, now prepare to quit your charge,
And *good or ill*, your darling pride enlarge;
The *first* a jewel will profusely shine,
And rival all the glories of the mine;
The *last*, a noxious vine, will humbly creep,
And all the filth of earth obscenely sweep.
But favour'd dames, the muse would fain address,
Who purchase blessings as they nobly bless;
Come then with hearts elate and cheerful face;
Ye faithful guardians of our infant race;
Though loth to part, yet cheer'd by hope divine,
The little partners of your toil resign;
Your toil is o'er, a deathless trophy won,
In wishes crown'd and duty nobly done;
Your offspring yield—inviting science calls,
Your ardent youth to philosophic halls;

Where wisdom reads her lectures, shows the prize,
 And smiles on genius, pointing to the skies.
 Melvina come, and mark the mighty boon,
 Bright as the sun and peerless as the moon,
 Which flames you hill of science as it flies,
 And gilds and gladdens the enraptur'd skies.
 That rayful orb shall shed its myriad beams,
 Its flood of day in fructifying streams,
 To grace thy Pollio—him, whose ardent eye,
 Unwinking meets the brilliants as they fly.
 Haste, haste the genius from his eagle nest,
 In down and velvet he's no longer bless'd;
 His mantling pinions rustle for the flight,
 He longs to show his plumes on beetling height;
 To wing the wide career and mounting soar,
 To realms unknown, to realms unsought before.
 How beats thy breast?—I see the *angel* rise,
 As lucid pearl-drops glisten in thine eyes;
 I see bright vistles gild thy head around,
 And hear the trump of fame, inspiring sound;

It sounds for Pollio—him, whom bards shall sing,
 Whose name and deeds through endless age shall
 ring.

Full is thy heart, Melvina, full of joys,
 Such as no poet paints, no time destroys;
 The mother's duties are at length discharg'd,
 Thy mind disburthen'd and thy bliss enlarg'd;
 Thy cup of bliss is full and running o'er,
 One cup to Pollio giv'n, to thee's fourscore:
 Duty perform'd, itself to bliss converts,
 And double to the doer it reverts;
 One self-approving hour in virtue's pride,
 Is worth a whole eternity beside.
 What means this inward *something* undefin'd,
 That thrills the heart or soothes the restless mind?
 What means this flutter of the vital tide,
 That spends its warmth in breezy course to glide?
 And oft without a wave of trouble flows,
 To lull the bosom into soft repose?

Oh! feeling, more than thought in language
 dress'd,

'Thou beatific sweet'ner of the breast.

Dwell with *conception* in thy ravish'd muse,
 And through her soul thy nameless bliss diffuse;
 In homage wrapt and prostrate at thy shrine,
 Though mute the tongue, she feels thy force di-
 vine.

Methinks with thee, on mem'ry's wing I soar,
 To childhold scenes and legendary lore;
 Revisit home—that home to *feeling* dear,
 The little world of all my infant care;
 See long-lost friends revive in frisky play,
 The tales and gambols of their early day;
 Around the social board again we meet,
 Or in the evening circle take the seat,
 The many wonders of the day to tell,
 Or on the parent's teaching strain to dwell:
 I tread the flow'ry paths I early trod,
Relive past life; relearn there is a God—

There is in blooming youth a charm divine,
And this kind charm, Oh! feeling, *this is thine.*

BOOK II.

Youth, or the Scholastic season of Life.

CONTENTS.

The youth entered to School and at his lesson—
the dunce—the genius—the industrious boy—
the mere learner of words—the learner of things
—the child of fancy, a sciolist—the son of rea-
son, a philosopher—the criterion—view of a
country school—the good teacher rewarded in
the prosperity and happiness of his pupils.

BOOK II.

There was of old as wizzard poets write,
A sluggish mass, as gross as blackest night.
In which repugnant atoms, wag'd fierce strife,
And sep'rate elements matur'd for life:

Heat fought with cold; o'er dryness, moisture
pour'd,

Light mix'd with darkness, weight with lightness
roar'd:

This magazine of things, this womb of man,
Convolv'd but organiz'd on nature's plan;

This grand repletion circled in a ball,

Huge *Chaos*, they significantly call;

Nothing, all things, disorder, order grand!

Amazing wonder of th' Almighty hand!

When long had darkness brooded o'er the mass,

God spoke his fate—nature came to pass.

All things alike in weight or light or shade,

Conjoin'd with speed and due arrangement made;

Repugnant motes with headlong fury fled,
 As kindred molecules into union sped.
 And *form* assum'd in beauty's tints array'd,
 To keep distinct each well-assorted grade.
 Propound enigma! from mere nothing spring,
 The mighty worlds of heav'n's Almighty king!
 In chaos wrapt, the elements of mind,
 Lie all commix'd beneath their earthly rind;
 Light still they are, though shrouded deep in
 gloom,
 With vigor nerv'd, though prison'd in the womb;
 Distinctly known to each efflux divine,
 Though shade and light are mix'd in mystic
 twine,
 As light and darkness join'd in doubtful shade,
 Scarce show the point at which the junction's
 made,
 And when the critic views with nicest eye,
 Remote extremes he merely can espy:

So order and confusion interweave,
 And where they part we scarcely can perceive;
 Prime wisdom both in endless circle blends,
 And *that* begins where *this* obscurely ends:
 But what's confusion deem'd by mortal eyes,
 By angel seen, in lucid order lies.
 Thus schemes deep-veil'd, does nature often give.
 And where life dies, death but begins to live.
 The infant mind was order ere the birth,
 As in old chaos, fire, air, or earth;
 Creative science but dissolves the mould,
 And makes the latent embryo's unfold;
 Shows each distinct, to each its place assigns,
 Evolves and strengthens and their force combines;
 Points out their names and use and ample scope,
 And feeds them on encouragement of hope.
 The subject now prepar'd for moral rule,
 Assumes the guise and badges of the school;
 His lightsome pannier round his arm he throws,
 And with his satchel on his back he goes

To *Alma Mater*; with aspiring heart,
 To play the hero in the pupil's part.
 Pride goads him on, ambition rules his soul,
 As letter'd glory opes her blazing roll,
 E'en as the dancing top the whipster twirls,
 Or through the ring the bowling marble hurls;
 In every blithsome sport and exercise,
 We see most useful emulation rise;
This noble principle directed well,
 Would into use and graceful splendour swell;
 Remove obstructions, science simplify,
 And teach the greatest way *to live and die*.
 E'en *this*, to greatness, push'd the good Pierre,
 Howe'er at emulation he might sneer;
 Or through ill treatment, or mistaken zeal,
 A strong dislike for social striving feel.
 The lovely sage *his* excellence forgot,
 And call'd *his own* fair trait, his foulest blot;
 And in th' sweet delirium of his brain,
 This spring of bliss; misdeem'd our fellest bane.

Oh! sainted sage! vouchsafe to quit awhile,
 The lov'd enchantments of thy *Fairy isle*;
 With me o'er *real* life, enraptur'd range,
 And shadows gay for essences exchange.
 By bliss prospective, fully magnetiz'd,
 And future glory—(seldom realiz'd,)

The ardent youth pursues some fav'rite scheme;
 And strives to catch the fictions of his dream;
 All-vision'd fancy paints where spices breathe,
 And rosy Fairies knit the rainbow wreath;
 Where happy Genii gem the sparkling crown
 And sweetly trill the harp of past renown;
 Where seraph bands hymn deeds of ancient fame,
 And shed their lustres round some hero's name;
 Where spring eternal blossoms o'er the brave,
 And countless sunbeams play around the grave
 These Fancy paints—and paints in *such* a style
 As Monks might melt, and Eremites beguile,
 Make dulness pert and apathy awake,
 And urge to seek the scene for glory's sake:

The qualms or stings, which pleasure oft procures,
 Allur'd by taste of ease, a third endures;
 In stubborn passiveness his fate he bears,
 And pleasure's ragouts, like a glutton, dare savor;
 A fourth devotes his momentary life,
 To hum debates or manage bloody strife;
 A fifth tells tales, or barter for a tune,
 The grateful service of inspiring June;
 A sixth in antic freak, his moment plays
 And makes no providence or future days;
 A sev'nth in long apprenticeship remains,
 And thinks and labours with assiduous pains.
 Nor deems the drudgery rigorous or tense,
 That toils, assur'd of future recompense—
 He delves and sweats, as rapture fills his eyes,
 And wealth and fame from honest labour rise.
 Perchance some females bustle in the band,
 With toys and bawbles in the lily hand;
 Some proud, some humble, some of angry mein,
 Some rich, some poor, and some defil'd, some clean.

One skill'd in science *this*, and one in *that*,
 One sweet in song, another loud in chat;
 Of diverse gifts to wound or heal the heart,
 And act the angel or the coquette's part:
 All seems mere hum and noise and motley life,
 Eternal restlessness and frothy strife,
 Where few to years mature in health arrive,
 A scanty season thousands scarce survive,
 Where one's ordain'd to rise five hundred fall,
 And pitchy darkness overshrouds them all;
 Where few are blest to shine with light of mind,
 Ten myriads of the hillock are purblind;
 Where few are wing'd and proudly upward fly,
 The num'rous residue are doom'd to die!
 So in the schools, where numbers graduate,
 How few escape the pangs of rueful fate!
 There are anon some mongrels found in schools,
 In shape unlike, but yet resembling mules;
 A motley crew and of a tameless race;
 Begot in owling dulness's embrace;

Then adds—"beloved Tyro mark you prize,
 The garland green, gemm'd crown, and songs
 that rise;

Be *these* thy aim, with ardour forward bound,
 Of science run the radiant orbit round;
 Haste, haste the race with all the lightning's speed,
 Leap through the course and seize the glorious
 meed."

Ting'd with *illusion's* visionary beams,
 To him by distance, fairer made it seems;
 As to the eye of taste, blue mountains rise,
 In boundless distance range, and kiss the skies.
 More airy, elegant, sublime appear;
 Than snow-capt Andes with their bases near,
 Or as from Ætna's top the glaring fire,
 When distant grand; is horrible when nigher.
 Such, though the prospect to the uninform'd,
 Is not the view of those by science warm'd;
 They love to bring the view to reason's eye,
 The cause, the nature and effect decry.

And in the bare, or ornamented view
 Hunt out for use, the *happy, good and true*:
 But kens not thus the weak and timid mind,
 To distant, looming spectra too inclin'd.
 The eye increas'd in strength by constant use,
 Can pleasant distance by degrees reduce,
 Till objects view'd afar with trembling nerve,
 Correctly strike the lens and never swerve.
 And thus the mind to *gen'ral views* inur'd,
 Has, when full nerv'd, *particulars* endur'd.
 Now see the master bear a wholesome rule,
 And into order form his youthful school;
 Whilst every Tyro pert or dull or wise,
 Incumbent o'er his hornbook gazing lies.
 The little, crowding, school-boy—pigmy train,
 Resembles pismires on the molehill plain;
 One emmet provident for wintry years,
 Sagacious in his bill the morsel bears;
 Away another thrids or sings his time,
 Nor dreams of winter in a verdant clime;

With idiotism join'd, in marriage league,
Propos'd and form'd by vice's rank intrigue.
But these two parents do not always bring
To paltry life the same low, mongrel thing;
For negatives, if right the poet guess,
When duly link'd, the *positive* express;
For these progenitors, engender'd fools,
Oft turn aside from nature's common rules,
And oft conjoin'd in love's phrenetic rage
They make by chance the philosophic sage.
The mongrel breed are sprouts from nature's laws,
And seldom does the effect surpass the cause.
But to define the race one form's enough,
Since all alike are made of drossy stuff.
If for a moment in expression coarse,
With sharp invective and in accent hoarse,
The muse, like sneering Lavater, inveigh,
And drown her music in satiric fray;
The hypercritic will forgive the crime,
And laugh but not condemn her harmless rhyme;

For nature's work she means not to arraign,
 Nor cast on purity a sinful stain;
 She but essays her humble aid to lend,
 To shew defects and teach the worst to mend.
 One there exists and of a lumpish frame,
 Quite multiform and Bulbus is his name;
 Of size robust, as thick as tall, and dull
 With muddy hair and a capacious skull,
 With low broad forehead varnish'd o'er with brass
 And huge, long ears, that might adorn an ass;
 Deep sunk and hollow and milk-white and small,
 Two sleepy eyes illumine his bronzed ball;
 With half a hand the cavern'd orbs between,
 Rays seldom strike the eye but intervene;
 Seen just below his eyes obscurely grows,
 A short, flat pipe, you'd scarcely call a nose;
 A line directly drawn from front to tip,
 Would touch the whole and not an atom skip,
 Two sharp cheek bones protuberant and high,
 Uprise to form an angle with the eye;

His gulf-like mouth extends from ear to ear,
 His tongue loud rumbles like a rough-roll'd sphere;
 His upper lip is callous, close bound, thin,
 His under, like a dewlap, shades his *chin*,
This, like a stalactite, hangs drooping down,
 A fit appendage for the fool or clown;
 His neck is short; his breast is wide and flat,
 A paunch Promethean makes amends for that;
 His body, soft as wax, on stilts seems plac'd,
 On monstrous swollen feet superbly bas'd.
 Such is the form rear'd by some Lethean maid,
 In poppy walks and groves of dark nightshade,
 Erect he waddles, never forward straight,
 Curves arc his lines, and indolence his gait;
 To saunter, gape and lounge, to eat and snore,
 Make all his pleasure, and he craves no more;
 He holds his book whene'er by force constrain'd,
 But by the largest marks his eyes are pain'd;
 He now attempts to learn his A, B, C,
 But in their shapes no diff'rence can he see,

If through the Alphabet purchase he go,
 From A to Z, he only learns an O.
 But if (his nature in one point belied,)

His rankling danceship can be modified,
 And he, the rudiments but learn by rote,
 Low, turgid bombast gurgles from his throat;
 His only mode—the mode of every fool,
 Makes num'rous hostile cases fit one rule;
 His learning scant, is a Procrustean bed,
 To which all literary things are led,
 High, low or long, wide, narrow let them be,
 They're stretch'd or lapp'd and with it must agree.
 If with reluctance, he but take a turn,
 Through classic ground and ancient fable learn,
 Abrade the page until his clumsy thumb,
 Is par'd by friction and with pain quite numb;
 His glassy brain by learning much is crack'd,
 And he mistakes the fable for the fact.
 He fills creation with prodigious things,
 Nymphs, Minotaurs, and Demons, Satyr kings,

Gods without number, not with *reason* blest,
 Lions or Apes in man's apparel dress'd;
 Whirlwinds and tempests in the best attire,
 And Tritons lash'd to waves and set on fire;
 Or joins a Dolphin to a human form,
 And makes it sing and preach amidst the storm;
 Or *sees green sound; or bitter sweetness hears,*
 And *scents mum-thunderbolts* with ravish'd ears;
 Or on his *optic nerve, loud taste he feels*—
 And e'er in some such gallimaufry deals.
 Where runs the mad'ning muse? Her theme is
 rare,
 She shrinks dismay'd as such strange monsters
 stare;
 Abash'd, chagrin'd at this unnat'ral wit,
 Who mingles all things in pedantic fit,
 Who worships folly, till by folly blam'd,
 And beards poor shame, till impudence is sham'd.
 To know, to reason and to judge aright,
 He lacks both common sense and common light;

Hence fancies crude, vague combinations make,
 And sounding nothings from his lips oft break.
 But if from discipline of whip and spur,
 And threats and lash resounding on his rear;
 The mulish dunce will bear the weighty load,
 And roar and kick up through the beaten road;
 Should rugged mounts of knowledge heave in
 sight,

He stubborn halts, and will not mount the height;
 But if coerced to tempt the ridgy way,
 He'll fill each hill and valley with loud bray;
 And when surmounted are the dizzy steeps,
 With lagging legs he o'er the level creeps.
 If he's a clerk, he kicks beneath the rod,
 And sounds, in braying tone, his psalms to God;
 And prayers and sermons neither sings nor
 speaks,

But mutters in a voice that hoarseley squeaks,
 He neither mends, nor makes his audience weep,
 But laughter rouses or but sings to sleep.

If for the law, he scorns the well bray'd psalm,
 He draws but *Fifa, Casa, and Quitam*;
 Astounds the bar with noisy eloquence,
 And compensates by sound the want of sense;
 He gives the head-ache and excites broad grins,
 And by great clam'ring petty triumph wins.
 If doom'd to physic, he's the doctor Ass,
 And all his quackish nostrums are mere grass;
 The weak he physics fairly out of breath,
 The bloodless, never fails to bleed to death;
 A stated quantum every case must suit,
 The ever varying phase of man and brute;
 He bloats up poverty and starves out wealth,
 Feeds, with his pills, disease, and poisons health.
 And then to end at once the morbid strife,
 Prescribes and bleeds his patient out of life.
 If dubb'd a poet he in metre brays,
 Flounders in comedy, roars out in plays;
 His sense is void, his verse is roughest din,
 And every word and point are much akin;

Whales swim his forests, dog's howl through his
 deep,

Frogs croak on thrones, in ponds his princes
 sleep,

'The loudest north-east sighs a gentle breeze,
 To fan warm swains beneath embow'ring trees;
 His grots are gulfs, his rills in torrents flow,
 And noxious cow-itch round their borders grow;

He moves a storm to flap to death a fly,
 And rains a flood to make a beauty cry;
 He draws you Iceland to express a flame,
 And images *corruption* into *shame!*

He trims off *chastity* in harlot garb,
 And gives you *friendship* with an Indian barb;
 On harmless mites he spends his idle rage,
 And hisses *taste* and *virtue* off the stage.

Is he a speaker? Rant is eloquence,
 And blust'ring jargon all the soul of sense;
 Bow, jirk and stamping are his attitude,
 And *Caveat Auditor*, his only mood;

Devoid alike of wit and common sense,
 To speech and reason he has poor pretence;
 All things commingl'd form his shapeless tropes,
 And all his arguments are sand-made ropes;
 All simple facts in fiction's chaldron churn'd,
 To frothy scum of maze-mix'd tropes are turn'd;
 Dogg'rel and Billingsgate by him are flung,
 In tortur'd grammar from a butcher'ing tongue.
 All fools of Duncedom this plain fact must own,
 That by his bray and ears the ass is known;
 And whate'er grades of life his service claim,
 The beast is stubborn, teachless and the same.
 But ah! my muse, what pains invest thy sight,
 As swims before thee yon clear beam of light;
 What dazzling glories in bright order run,
 In flamy grandeur mounting to the sun!
 And shall thy plumes but catch a transient glow,
 And beg those lustres to enrich thy flow?
 Yes, heav'n alike on all her colours spreads,
 Not less on rustic than on regal heads;

He ne'er to slow advancement is confin'd,
 But seeks his aim by flashings of the mind;
 Barriers and hazards never check his flight,
 But add fresh vigour to his soul of might.
 He springs to top the mountain cap't with snow,
 Then smiles to see th' extensive realms below;
 No thought of failure gives a moment's pain,
 He combats and subdues by coup-de-main;
 Nor gordian knot e'er mocks his steel or ire,
 But flies like tow before consuming fire.
 When all his faculties assail one end,
 Success and glory every hope attend;
 As when the rays of the resplendent sun,
 Converging close, into a focus run;
 The sturdy subject of the centred rays,
 Is soon consum'd in the collected blaze.
 With piercing eye he looks creation through,
 And num'rous systems stand disclos'd to view;
 This dusky orb he scarcely stoops to eye,
 But on the flying storm he mounts the sky;

Sweeps the blue arch of heav'n and quickly hies,
 To wanton with the light'ning as it flies;
 Outstorms the whirlwind and the thunder's roar,
 And wheels through midway air his beetling tour;
 Or if fatigued, he on some planets stands,
 Counts neighb'ring worlds and metes subjacent
 lands;

Then mounts the car of day and mends his speed,
 And wheels through worlds as hours immortal
 lead;

Surveys all climes in every plastic beam,
 And marks where verdure springs and kingdoms
 teem;

Knows the whole force of every forming ray,
 And *why* and *how* from it the graces stray;
 How absence chills and how its presence warms,
 Why grim death lives, and why life teems and
 swarms.

Through other worlds his radiant course he steers,
 Sees other orbs and marks far-distant spheres;

Grasps all their light, their richest music drains,
 And all their order with their beauty gains;
 Then joins some comet as it darts amain,
 And glows and whistles in its lambent train;
 Sees spheres touch spheres, and worlds o'er worlds
 arise,
 And other suns illumine other skies;
 Scheme wrapt in scheme, a systematic whole,
 And countless systems that unceasing roll!
 He mounts on flame and seeks the dread abode,
 Where dwells the *prime, first cause, immortal God*:
 Here causes lie arrang'd in ranks profound,
 With their effects in happy order round:
 He learns of man the great and grand design,
 And various fates that round his footstep twine,
 In every state, in every age and clime,
 The myst'ries gleans of nature and of time,
 He thinks he's mortal and he feels for man,
 And downward seeks the course, he upward ran,

The good of fellow men enchains his view,
 He seeks their welfare and their grandeur too:
 He strives to ope their dull, benighted eyes,
 And raise their souls up to their kindred skies;
 He learns their manners, customs and their arts,
 Reforms their laws and purifies their hearts;
 Essays to make them great and good and wise,
 And all the bliss of virtue realize.

Such was great Newton, he whose ardent eye,
 With telescopic tube transpierc'd the sky;
 And Rittenhouse, who pois'd each flying ball,
 And each grand cycle, mimick'd in his hall,
 Such the great Franklin, whose electric rod,
 Draws down the lightning at the sage's nod;
 He, who endued with an imperial mind,
 Electrifies the hearts of human kind;
 Who fires his country's soul to noble deeds,
 And builds up fame where freedom's battle bleeds;
 Who wrests from thralldom every dart and sting,
 And Independence wrings from court and king:

Nor let immortal Locke be left behind,
 Who rais'd the value of the human mind;
 Who train'd the intellects to work aright,
 And taught proud genius how to ply his might;
 Nor God-like *Chatham*, who in thunder spoke,
 Whene'er was rais'd the blood empurpled yoke,
 When yells and warwhoops; shrieks and dying
 groans,
 And hissing flames were mix'd in hideous tones;
 Unarm'd, unaw'd, he met the dismal sound,
 And with his earthquakes shook the world around.
 Great *Henry*, fluent advocate of right,
 Oft gain'd proud triumphs by his soul of might;
 O'eraw'd the tyrant, tore his trophies down,
 And pluck'd the brightest jewel from his crown.
 And *Shakespeare* oft pronounc'd his wizzard lays,
 In tragic metre or in comic plays,
 Replete with wisdom and surcharg'd with sense,
 Convey'd in rough, but nervous eloquence.

Theirs was the lightning, theirs the thunder storm,
 And *theirs* the bliss to chasten and reform:
 Their names will live as long as time shall last,
 And flourish green, when hoary time is past;
 Great nature claims these men of high renown,
 And fame for them has wove the diamond crown;
 Critics may hold their tongues and carp no more,
 When they the greatness of their souls explore.
 Each was thy brother, man of genius' tread
 The holy spot but lightly o'er his head;
 Green-dress each grave and dew it with a tear,
 And oh! remember genius slumbers here;
 Relics of greatness flush this humble sod,
 Whilst goodness wings its flight to meet its God:
 Learn from the tomb to be as great as they,
 And all of them in life and death display.
 The youth who seems collected, cool and staid,
 Nor dunce nor genius but of middle grade;
 Conscious of strength yet full of diffidence,
 In thought progressive and of nervous sense,

Is learning's pride: He finds a sweet delight,
And knowledge gains in slowly learning right.
He never gapes, he never yawns and sleeps,
But o'er fair science constant vigils keeps:
He never views whole objects group'd in mass,
But pries distinctly into every class;
Divides the chaos, finds the elements,
Each nature notes, then on the whole comments.
At each small point, though simple and unmix'd,
In chymic thought he seems profoundly fix'd;
Nor e'er deserts the philosophic mood,
Till the whole theme is deeply understood;
Its nature, causes; bearing and event,
To learn by halves he never is content.
If huge impediments obstruct his way,
And thick'ning clouds o'er cast his opening day,
With measur'd step he mounts the Alpine height;
Gently o'ertops the gloom and hails the light.
He never reels and pants on limbs that fail
For slow progression makes him fresh and hale.

Ø'er books he pores when ev'ry rampant child,
A respite steals and plays his gambols wild;
The son of diligence no pastime knows,
He finds no feast in stale, fantastic shows;
He craves no rest, he seeks no glitt'ring toy,
To learn's his pride; to understand, his joy.
The roar of mirth ne'er shakes his decent side,
Nor o'er his cheeks, unmeaning follies glide;
Absent amid the little group he sits,
And every person but himself forgets;
No business but his own, he e'er respects,
For this alone, all others he neglects;
Regarding not what others do and say,
In death like silence he plods on his way;
All doubts are solv'd by diligence alone,
As drops perpetual wear away the stone.
Great application slowly toils along,
A foe to pleasure and her siren song;
In melting strains she may her carols play,
His hopes forbid his list'ning to her lay;

Cupid may twang the bow and hurl the dart,
 The pointless weapon never feels his heart:
 Should Venus rob'd in all the charms of May,
 Around the pilgrim all her magic play;
 Love and devotion would disarm the spell,
 As nobler graces in big prospect swell.
 The flash of genius may contest the race,
 And now and then outstrip his tardy pace;
 Yet *that* oft tempted quits the dizzy steep,
 And glides a meteor o'er the verdant deep;
 Oft quits the mount to dance the thymy vale,
 To light some fragrant cloud and on it sail:
 Meantime the modest youth maintains his speed,
 And slowly drudging takes a distant lead;
This genius, dimm'd with pleasure, spies at last,
 His speed is wing'd and the whole distance past,
 But luckless genius flies by fits and starts,
 And often from the rugged path departs,
 To shine o'er nectar in the bow'rs of joy,
 Till real sweets and purer bliss but cloy.

'Till morbid feelings on his palate palls,
 And sullen torpor o'er his eyelids falls;
 Then lowly he reclines his drowsy head,
 And sinks like sunshine on a rosy bed:
 While application frees the long-sought goal,
 And quaffs th' ambrosia of th' immortal soul.
 Eccentric genius oft may flit before,
 But diligence is most correct and sure;
 The one is oft by raving frenzy fir'd,
 The other calm and ne'er of labour tir'd.
 Grim superstition with the fiends and hell,
 Painted with blood and dress'd in fears a fell;
 Or demon bigotry with owling eyes,
 Drunk in her cause and mad to dogmatize—
 Two sprites beset with ev'ry ill and pain,
 That lead perdition in their venom'd train;
 The *one* oft madden and at length destroy,
 Estrang'd from hope and exil'd from all joy:
 But on the *other*, truth and wisdom wait,
 Virtue triumphant over time and fate;

And sober zeal remote from bigot rage,
 Whose aim is bliss, nor less to bless the age;
 They wave a crown with matchless graces bound
 And stellar glories thickly clust'ring round;
 And point to heav'n as they the present give,
 And bid us *live, to die*—and *die, to live*.
 Sometimes a youth too lazy to reflect,
 To truth and nature never pays respect;
 Made by dame nature of the softest stuff,
 Mix'd in rude compost with materials rough;
 With bloodshot brains and stomach full of phlegm,
 And veins that with a milky fluid teem;
 With mind quiescent and of sensual heart,
 Precisely trim'd to eke the coxcomb's part.
 External objects on his senses make,
 No good impressions, which adherence, take;
 Save the kind pressures that but softly rest,
 On weakest nerves and fill the qualmish breast,
 With wild emotions phantasies and whims,
 And faintest thought, which but obscurely swims

Before the view, and leaves no trace behind,
 To grace the mem'ry or enrich the mind.
 The hottest passions rule his fev'rish soul,
 As mad ambition holds him in controul:
 He burns for pleasure, and ambition's part,
 Is but to teach the necessary art,
 In forming schemes, to gratify desires,
 To glut his flesh and feed his raging fires,
 To learn him how to consummate his ends,
 And compass archly what he much intends.
 Then solid brighter he attempts to seem,
 And by his corruscations catch esteem;
 More wind than music fills his ling'ring tone,
 And sentiment he seeks in sound alone;
 Of meaning careless, hunts for glaring words,
 And naked mind in cypher'd nonsense girds,
 A cloak too thread-bare, ill-design'd and loose,
 To keep conceal'd the silly, babb'ling goose.
 With indiscriminating view he turns,
 To signs of thought, but ne'er their meaning learns,

Of words and things, all gain'd, yet deep-involv'd,
 He forms a mass of *gen'ral*s, ne'er resolv'd;
 To nice *particulars* he ne'er descends,
 But through mistake or rank perversion, blends.
 Each diff'ring essence, every mode compound,
 In splendid rubbish on ideal ground:
 For *type-indentities* alone he pants,
 Postpones high import and in cobweb flaunts.
 Long words, superlatives and periods round,
 And pompous phrase on mystic nothing wound;
 Pedantic pourings full of rant and roar,
 And jingling epithets howe'er obscure,
 All that augments the din of pedant fuss,
 The frothy, foggy, and the marvellous,
 His science make; he lib'ral spends this dross,
 And ne'er by dealing out incurs a loss.
 He, like the thief, who in the same oft deals,
 First steals then sells; and sells again, and steals;
 His stolen coin in endless circle goes,
 He makes it current, and to him it flows;

He stealing deals until the stamp's defac'd,
 And oft remoulds it, 'till 'tis quite debas'd.
 He puts one meaning on each diff'ring face,
 And one distortion multiplies grimace;
 As if a moonstruck Taylor should suppose,
 Man, beast and fowl, or fish and rock and rose,
 Should wear his cut and knowing but one coat,
 Should make it fit a man or horse or goat;
 The sage word learner one known rule applies,
 To each idea that may chance to rise.
 Sometimes in luck he stumbles on the Truth,
 And gives the heat of fire to heart of youth;
 Or links the Tiger's fierceness to the chief,
 Who feasts on blood and drinks the tears of grief,
 Sometimes perhaps reflecting on an Ape,
 He throws its anticks round a Grandee's shape;
 And sometimes thinking on the rav'nous dog,
 Misnames the bigot, croaking like the frog;
 But seldom he commits such good mistakes
 Or such wise, *random* application makes:

To diverse things he oft assigns one name
 And makes repugnant natures all the same.
 He seldom gives the meaning, which he would,
 Expresses more or leaves part understood;
 And often too his words, that much intend,
 In sounding bubbles from his lips descend;
 No perfect thought his fault'ring lips disclose,
 But empty shadows dress'd in meagre prose;
 The stalest lingo he intently trolls,
 And in sad fluency, abortion rolls.
 Though dark as night, as day he thinks he's light,
 Though always wrong, yet ever in the right;
 Nothing he knows, but *all* conceives he knows,
 Yet never clearly sees beyond his nose.
 Labour though sweeten'd by reward, is worse,
 And more abhor'd by him, than very curse;
 Rest is his heaven, present *pleasure* bears,
 More charms for him than future glory wears.
 To think is painful, not to think is *death*,
 And silence too would argue want of breath.

His erring lips perpetual motion keep,
And words o'er words in rapid current sweep.
A sottish drayman drives in *tandem* mode,
Quite rich to think he bears a rich man's load;
His tongue, inur'd to driving, never flags,
But finds its profit in the weight it drags.
Or like the race horse, as it loses weight,
To breathless speed converts its sober gait.
This tripping pedant, airy thing, this beau,
Is doom'd to glitter but an hour or so;
Like some lean glow-worm, wanton in the dark,
And in a moment spend his fading spark:
To bask awhile in beauty's cheating shine,
Then wane in love and in his health decline;
To be the subject of the coquette's sport,
The just derision of the better sort,
To feast and doze on evanescent charms,
And putrify in meretricious arms,
The jest of wise men and the mate of fools,
A dupe to minions, bawds and pander tools;

To mix in broils, to flourish in curs'd strife,
 And skulk deluded through delusive life;
 Till victor death, unlook'd for, sounds the toll,
 And writes his name on infamy's black roll!
 Reverse the picture and behold the man,
 Rear'd up a sage on Pestalozzi's plan.
 Not shades, but things he learns in early youth,
 Much more concern'd for essences and truth,
 Than how they should be painted or express'd,
 Or in what gaudy equipages dress'd;
 Much more inclin'd to show things as they are,
 With all relations that they justly bear;
 Than misdeem wisdom, nature's course arraign,
 And prove that providence is right in vain;
 Or for effect misjudg'd, condemn the cause,
 And tax all ill on nature's gen'ral laws;
 In candour warn'd to shun that mental state,
 Which habitude and bias oft create;
 So shun the errors education brings,
 When not supported by the truth of things:

To know what prejudice and habit breed;
 And learn the cause of every wrongful deed:
 He strives to store his mind and mend his heart,
That with sound facts, and this by native art.
 He counts the links of being's lengthy chain;
 The whole grand series to his view is plain.
 E'en from the lowest, shrinking from the eyes,
 To where the topmost fastens on the skies.
 He scans all things in physic's ample round,
 And learns each nature, genus, class and bound;
 The good and evil, with the use of each,
 With much more truth than pedagogues can teach;
 He studies the surrounding world, and then
 The nature, faculties and end of men,
 In all conditions plac'd by diverse fate,
 From civiliz'd quite down to savage state;
 Marks every aspect, calling and its cause,
 And learns their manners, customs and their laws;
 Then learns, from parts, ascending to the whole,
 Each limb, its use—each talent of the soul;
 L

What its design, how that design fulfil
How he should think aright, how judge, how will,
How reason, live and die; and how produce
The means of future happiness and use.
With good materials thus he stores his mind,
Unmix'd with lumber of the trashy kind;
And this full magazine of rich supplies,
When justice draws, its succours ne'er denies.
First all great principles and facts he learns,
And then his view to minor objects turns,
Blest with discernment exquisitely fine,
To sieze the import of each lingual sign,
He makes each word a single thing denote,
And every form strict purity promote;
Precise, perspicuous, elegant and grand,
His pregnant words in lucid order stand:
No gay confusion decorates his speech;
Nor bright allusions that but faintly reach
Their wand'ring notions, and but shine awhile,
To strike the fancy, and the mind beguile;

But chastest method fraught with strength and
light—

That sheds a constant day-spring on the sight.
Hail Pestalozzi of imperial pow'rs,
Whose mind above all critic nonsense tow'rs;
Of art original, in teaching bold,
Who mak'st the latent germs of mind unfold,
Devolve in native majesty, and ray
Ten thousand lustres o'er the face of day;
Who hast the mind from countless shackles free'd,
And taught its *greatness* to be *great indeed!*
Uncouth for years thy thinking subjects seem,
In what the superficial, beauties, deem;
Of person, manners and of words and air,
They seem neglectful without taste or care;
But grace they have more precious still than these,
Instructive plainness, friendly converse, ease;
In conduct, humble; and in morals, pure,
Patient the greatest hardships to endure;

Quite clear in reason and profound in thought,
 With more good common sense than splendour
 fraught;

They wisdom, goodness, merit only court,
 And never make their fellow men their sport;
 They rough appear—and so does virgin gold,
 When delving miners first the ore unfold;
 But yet 'tis gold—of every land the prize;
 From polar regions to the tropic skies;
 When with alloy the precious metal's mix'd,
 Its standard value is then stamp'd and fix'd:
 So when the unmix'd brilliants of the mind,
 Not current yet, because yet unrefin'd,
 From social intercourse receive allay,
 They take consistence and a vivid ray;
 Become a coin more prized as more 'tis us'd,
 And yet more useful as 'tis more diffus'd.
 Great master architect! thy forming art,
 Builds up grand mind and polishes the heart;

Eternal youth springs vig'rous from thy ken,
 And boys by thee install'd are more than men.
 Deeply involv'd in scientific lore,
 O'er musty records they profoundly pore;
 In long research they waste the midnight oil,
 And great *antiquity* rewards their toil.
 They often visit scites where ruin shines,
 And lonesome ivy mould'ring walls intwines;
 Where ancient grandeur lies in wasting heaps,
 And worth departed in oblivion sleeps.
 Arcadia with her rural nymphs and swains,
 In sportive gambols on her sunny plains;
 Her festive haunts, her famous classic streams,
 Whose rays translucent courted golden dreams;
 Immortal Troy just nodding to the ground,
 With Grecian arms and flames emblazon'd round;
 Great Rome, proud Carthage, and all-battling
 Greece,
 Consign'd by fate to everlasting peace;

The groves and streams where oft the graceful nine,
Attun'd their harps to harmony divine;

The seats where often mighty senates rung,
And wisdom's essence trickled from the tongue;
The fertile vale, where rolls the wond'rous Nile,
And architecture lavishes her style:

All with their arts and sciences and laws,
Their rise, their progress, downfal and its cause,
These, and a thousand more, which story owns,
Of old and modern realms and kings and thrones,
With all their wisdom, folly, light and life,
Weakness and strength and peace and hapless
strife;

These crown the sons of steady diligence,
Improve their virtue and enlarge their sense.
Where age in endless series follows age,
And spreads its spoils upon the storied page;
Where speaks the tomb, where nature lifts her
voice,

And bids the ever searching wise rejoice;

There Pestalozzi's sons their lessons learn
And fill with sterling worth the letter'd urn.
Oh! that the raptur'd muse's feeble voice
Could with avail persuade a noble choice;
Oh! that her strains might catch one list'ning ear,
And the sage parent would in kindness hear;
How sweetly would she ply her suasive art,
To light the mind and captivate the heart;
Display the form array'd in matchless grace,
With heav'nly merits light'ning round his face;
And cry—"Dear parent of the blooming pride,
Whose loving heart thy race and state divide;
Behold yon beaming, pure intelligence,
Adorn'd with wit, upheld by manly sense,
The virtues on him all their wealth bestow,
The charming graces all their witchcraft throw,
Whilst truth and justice, love and mercy too,
In social concord form his retinue;
And happiness with years of endless life,
Unmix'd with sordid care or baleful strife,

With palms of glory, green and blushing May,
 Does o'er his head, her lily hands display.
 See the long roll of fame in golden blaze,
 Hang o'er his head and tell of long-past days;
 Pray, note the records—"This seraphic soul,
 When greedy want into the Hamlet stole,
 Dispens'd his bounty, gave the saving draught,
 The bread of life, and broke death's iron shaft.—
 When black injustice sway'd the iron blade,
 And low in dust the humble cottage laid;
 The widow'd mother found in him relief,
 Dried up her tears and joy'd amidst her grief;
 The weeping orphans found a father too,
 And wept no more, for lo! the friend was true.—
 When bloody war and desolation came;
 To drown his country and efface her name;
 And proud ambition with usurping pow'r,
 Rush'd forth to lord it in that evil hour;
 Lo! in bright mail, he takes th' ensanguin'd field,
 His country saves and makes the despots yield;

Then with religion, liberty and right,
 He crowns the country of his soul's delight.
 He fought and conquer'd, but in such a way,
 His enemies were foes but one short day:
 They gaze on him in reverential awe,
 The friend in peace, the enemy in war;
 And him the great philanthropist they call,
 His country's saviour and the friend of all."

These are, dear parent, trophies of the great,
 Who chance defy and stay the bolts of fate;
 Who study nature, and by nature rise,
 Feeling and happy, great and good and wise;
 Who follow nature and her dictates love,
 And art employ but nature to improve.

They first learn things, then customary ways,
 And by great usefulness obtain great praise:
 Before them knowledge opes her ample rolls;
 And mighty science lights to flame their souls
 Go, parent, go, and teach thy son to learn,
 Go, make his breast with noble ardour burn;

Give him soft feeling; his ambition stir,
 Lend him to wisdom, trust that parent's care,
 Direct him to the shrine of honest fame,
 There let him learn and love his country's name.
 Go to the tomb, where war-worn heroes sleep,
 Salute their dust and teach *him* how to weep;
 Relate the val'rous deeds of former years,
 Until he sheds his tributary tears;
 Then say—"My son, *these* to their country true,
 Fought, bled, and conquer'd and then died for you;
 No sordid interest fill'd their noble veins,
 But for their country they endur'd all pains.
 No vicious life was theirs, nor life of ease,
Toil sav'd from want, and temp'rance from dis-
ease;
 They dauntless strove in matchless chivalry,
 From tyrant fang to wrest their liberty;
 And by their signal prowess won the cause
 Of *right and duty*, blest with purest laws:

Their skill and courage I remember well,
 And on their struggles could forever dwell;
 In trial, firm; in unity, complete,
 In triumph, modest; patient in defeat;
 In just devotion, warm—not madly brave;
 Resign'd to bleed, resign'd to meet the grave!
 But poorly fed, but poorly cloth'd and shod,
 With eyes uplifted to the throne of God,
 In rank resistless, solemniz'd by grief,
 They dar'd the warstorm with their awful chief.
 What were their trials! oft in dread retreat,
 The ice bound earth they mark'd with bleeding
 fect!

Oft on the march they ended all their woe,
 And wrapt their bodies in a shroud of snow!
 And oft midst battle, cheer'd in dying breath,
 Surviving friends with—"LIBERTY OR DEATH!"
 They died in honour, freedom and in fame,
 And left behind a never-dying name:

In horrid war for lasting peace they sought,
 And with their blood a heritage they bought,
 In triumph rich above proud Rome or Greece,
 And richer still in all the *arts of peace*,
 "Ah! go my son, where wisdom sagely leads,
 Revere their names and emulate their deeds."
 Thus rouse the latent energy of mind,
 And give each impulse a direction kind.
 On ancient story often hold discourse,
 Much *learning* with sound *principle* enforce;
 Oh! oft transport your son to *older age*,
 And with its grandest scenes his soul engage;
 Refine his morals and enlarge his heart;
 Your duty do; and he will act his part.
 Mankind seem various as their faces are,
 Some love to frown; perpetual smiles some wear;
 Phlegmatic some, whilst others cheerful seem;
 Some wake to reason; some in fancy, dream;
 And as in years, so in the greenest age,
 All separate actors seem upon one stage:

Each plays his part the drama to perform,
 Daring or timid, frozen through or warm;
 The various senses regulate them all,
 The base and honest, either great or small;
 Each has his organs diversely combin'd,
 And hence a diff'rence in the taste and mind.
 Unlike temperaments our actions rule,
 And bless the wiseman as they curse the fool;
 Some youthful minds too weak for reason's sway,
 Are fond to bask in fancy's vernal ray;
 The ardent youth with glowing fancy fir'd,
 Learns but to shine, and shines to be admir'd;
 Resistless fervor is his well known trait,
 And in effulgence only is he great.
 You know this glow-worm by his transient spark,
 Which looks the brightest when the season's dark,
 His fancy opens on the darkest themes,
 And glows profusely when strong reason dreams.
 Fancy oft builds her castles in the air,
 And visionary beings revel there;

Oft mounts the gust and travels realms unknown,
Oft sways the sceptre on a fairy throne;
With creatures oft communes that never breath'd,
Beneath sweet booths by sweeter sirens wreath'd;
Oft trips it on "the light, fantastic toe,"
Where pleasing shades and mirthful phantoms
 flow;

Thus fancy courses o'er th' enchanted plain,
Or skims with sea-nymphs o'er the waving main,
Where surges white in charms majestic dash,
Wave urges wave, and winds with zephyrs clash;
He seeks kind isles where springs eternal blow,
Unfading youth and every fragrance grow;
Where love romantic sighs in tender strains,
And music opes her rich, symphonious veins.
To happy climes he flies in hallow'd trance,
Wrapt in the gay illusions of romance;
Where blushing beauty blooms in all her pride,
More fascinating than an eastern bride,

And trembling trills the mazy-melting strain,
 To lull, entrance—to rouse, to fire the brain;
 He loves to sleep in rose commingled gleams,
 And sweetly revels on romantic dreams.
 Let fancy wildly soar, the fact is this,
 Her flight though wild, is still the flight of bliss;
 And bliss in fancy or in fact is such,
 We cannot wish amiss or seek too much:
 E'en should our cup of bliss, delusion crown,
 Impell'd by thirst we take the potion down;
 Our native taste for bliss to gratify,
 We at the substance or the shadow fly;
 Supremely blest, if we the substance choose,
 But in default, the shade we ne'er refuse—
 Cling to the cheat, because averse to woe,
 And happy *feel* because we *will* it so.
 High fancy's form'd for pleasure, not for use,
 For her conceits are flighty, vain and loose;
 But chasten'd fancy, argument adorns;
 And reason, ornament, but rarely scorns.

Reason in common life is man's best guide;
His dearest friend, when galling ills betide;
She then views objects as they truly are,
And will rich ways and means of grace prepare:
But heated fancy, toss'd by hectic fits,
Upon an airy throne unsteady sits,
Ingulf'd in essences, in tinsel fine,
With wit and spirit disengag'd from wine;
She hence vivacious looks with looming view,
Nor are her sparkling visions strictly true;
She seeks to feast and sport and brightly shine,
Whilst matrons groan and weeping orphans pine.
When by a flash, whole bandits fancy quells,
On sure defence delib'rate reason dwells;
Whilst fancy revels in ideal state,
Sage reason labours to be truly great;
Gay fancy pictures her *elysium* here,
But reason seeks a more exalted sphere.
The son of fancy ne'er the truth explores,
But in excursion ludicrous he soars;

He feels no pain or pleasure but his own,
 Intent to gratify himself alone;
 His selfish actions give the lie express
 To his pretended love and mock distress,
 His sportive sallies, sentimental cant,
 His vows envenom'd and chivalrous rant.
 He sheds his beams and spreads his laurels green,
 Not to enrich, but only to be seen,
 Nor lives he to be useful but much prais'd,
 And soars, but still to be the higher rais'd;
 To splendid phrase he sets the worthy cause,
 Not right to prove, but just to gain applause;
 He hangs his festoons on the holy page,
 Not to instruct and save, but cheat the age;
 Enchants with music the enraptur'd hall,
 Not laws to pass, but gain the praise of all;
 He e'er pours forth his liquid, florid speech,
 Not to instruct, persuade, convert or teach;
 But only deals his figur'd eloquence,
 To be misdeem'd the man of wizzard sense:

But all in vain—for every clodpole knows,
The lightest wind with greatest fury blows,
And shallow ripples are most loud and shrill,
Whilst deepest streams are most serene and still.
The sober son of reason never fails,
To draw his issues from correct details,
From premises precisely understood,
And clearly stated, his *conclusion's* good.
His logic truths for future rules are meant,
And not in idle speculation spent;
Each inf'rence he into a maxim moulds,
And every maxim in connexion holds;
A just criterion for all incidents,
That woo the judgment through the veil of sense;
He neither credulous nor sceptic is,
Nor wears a timid nor a brazen phiz;
All flat assertions and reports confess'd,
He squares and rules by his unerring test;
In thought and reason he is always free,
Nor takes opinions as a frail trustee;

The *Ipse dixit* of no man he minds,
 And never credits till the truth he finds.
 No rank deters, no pleasure tempts his heart,
 From honest deeds to play the flatt'rer's part.
 No venal arts e'er swerve his candid thought,
 Nor can his sentiments with gold be bought.
 Firm, though not stubborn; and to truth inclin'd,
 He only to conviction bends his mind.
 From folly, wisdom, great and little things,
 Or whate'er else pure information springs;
 He takes the boon regardless of the source,
 Or high or low or superfine or coarse;
 Like bees that ev'ry nauseous flow'ret sip,
 And into filth and fellest poison dip;
 From every source he purest honey draws,
 By native instinct sway'd by nature's laws;
 Restrains wild passion by just moral rule,
 And ne'er becomes to appetite a tool;
 He uses all the energy he can,
 To bind the *animal* and loose the *man*

No surly pride, ambition drunk and base,
 No av'rice clad in theft and deep disgrace;
 No evil thoughts, nor acts more evil still,
 Disturb his soul and vilify his will:
 Base envy cramps him not, nor malice blinds;
 In deeds of good his sov'reign joy he finds;
 Nor seeks that *good* from *fear*, but *real choice*,
 That man in social commerce may rejoice:
 From *unbelief* and haughty pride aloof,
 He humbly seeks for demonstration's proof;
 Yet to the *probable* he gives full scope,
 And each defect he rectifies by hope.
 With view intuitive; of fancy chaste;
 With reason clear on soundest axioms bas'd;
 With *mem'ry* fine and of a *judgment* sure,
 And *will* as prompt as wonderfully pure;
 His head is cool; his heart, serene and whole,
 Wrong predilections never swerve his soul.
 He sees past ages all their scenes unveil,
 And weighs the moral of each antique tale;

He in the twinkling of an eye surveys,
 The learned monuments of other days.
 All great inventions, patroniz'd, abus'd,
 Us'd but a moment—then forgot, disus'd,
 He, from the gulf of dark oblivion draws,
 With their original, their use and cause.
 He opes the treasure of the golden page,
 Long lost and hid beneath the rust of age;
 And gives its wisdom, oft the most sublime,
 To modern sages for a modern time.
 The past, the present, eras yet to come—
 Some full of darkness, full of splendour some—
These mark'd by greatness, those by meanness
 seal'd,
 Are to his all-comprising mind reveal'd:
 His *sense* denotes the *man*; his *thought*, the *sage*,
 And his *correctness*, the *research* of *age*.
 Good in retirement, good in church and state,
 And not more pure, than wise and truly great:

All nat'ral beauties and all moral too,
 Are clearly pictur'd in his sunbright view;
 He treads the holy ground the *sages* trod,
He serves his fellows and adores his God.
 The school-band is a picture gallery,
 Where amateurs may num'rous paintings see,
 Each in its kind unique, in meaning grand,
 Touch'd into life by nature's matchless hand.
 Primordial hues in twine immense are mix'd,
 Forms, aspects, attitudes, diversely fix'd;
 And artless play and sport with truth define,
 The striking import of each nice design.
 The youth, who quits the school and takes the
 field,
 And various instruments delight to wield;
 To wrestle, run and leap and rule the band
 Wage mimic war and give the loud command;
 To give mock triumphs and deserve applause,
 And mete out posts by military laws,

And storm and roar amid the soldier class,
May for the bold, undaunted warrior pass.
The youth, whose ardent, moralizing eyes,
And modest thought seem fix'd on moral ties;
Who views the springs of action, marks effects
And on each incident with force reflects;
Who each and all defends, and guards their cause,
And schemes out policy, and general laws;
Appears design'd to ornament the state,
And shines a statesman truly sound and great.
That boy, who seems of solemn serious turn,
Of morals pure, with pious zeal to burn;
Converses much of angels and of God,
And shuns the darksome road the Heathens trod;
Of Adam's innocence in Paradise,
Compar'd with man debas'd by foulest vice,
Oft thinks; and marks the diff'rence with a sigh,
Whilst tears of grief becloud his glist'ning eye;
Then traces sin to Satan's hellish plot,
And pours his tears to wash away the blot;

Who joys to hear the gospel plan proclaim'd,
 With rapture bounds when Jesus Christ is nam'd;
 Hails his redeemer, recommends his ways,
 And sings triumphant anthems to his praise;
 Was surely fram'd by Heav'n's supreme design,
 To be the ardent, eloquent divine;
 To thunder terrors o'er a guilty race,
 And soothe the pious with the word of grace;
 To lash the wicked and reward the just,
 And toll a requiem o'er the slumb'ring dust.
 But he, who only quirks and cavils plies,
 And deals out sarcasms, and severe replies;
 Who every fact with legal quaintness states,
 And ev'ry trifle cunningly debates;
 Who pertly chats on themes of right and wrong,
 And gives his counsel for a toy or song;
 And who in all things, finds some hidden flaw,
 Bold, crafty, fluent, seems design'd for law.
 The little *Jew*, who piles his toys and sticks,
 Assigns their prices and then tries his tricks;

Who trades in fancy and amasses more,
 And with new gimcracks fills his little store,
 Who with devotion restless speculates,
 And cent per cent, exactly calculates;
 Pourtrays the merchant, whom nor ease nor health
 Can tempt to sacrifice the joys of wealth.

The youth, who is intent on plants and flow'rs,
 And studies mineral and metallic pow'rs;
 Who marks diseases with their moving cause,
 And finds out remedies by physic laws;
 Who minds the changes of the human face,
 And does temperaments precisely trace,
 Who feels his pulse and talks of local things,
 And varying ills, that change of climate brings,
 And antidotes and boluses and pills—
 Is meant the sov'reign doctor of all ills.

Who, shows the rudiments of any art,
 He prophecies in life his future part;
 Then if mechanics claim his steady view,
 And he, one certain, useful course pursue;

For fairest excellence he is decreed,
 And high in fame that youth will rise indeed!
 When to no object rig'rously confin'd,
 Through boundless ranges flies the curious mind,
 Intent on gen'ral knowledge, full of hope,
 And never disappointed in its scope;
 This tow'ring genius in the lapse of age,
 Will flourish high, the sagest of the sage,
 But two great classes all the band divide,
 The sons of *honest* and *dishonest* pride:
 Foes to themselves, a horrid social pest,
 With vice and crime, *these* ev'ry place infest;
 Spendthrifts or misers, pilferers or beasts,
 By griping av'rice led, or love of feasts;
 They rush to ruin with careering might,
 And cast all moral duties out of sight;
 Corrupt and hackney'd, they disdain to mend,
 And want or hangman will pronounce their end!

But *those*, their own best friends, the friends of
man,

Will strive to do the utmost good they can;

Will lead a life of bliss and die in fame,

And leave behind *example* with their name.

The *first* alone coercion fierce can bind,

The *last* dread shame, and merit treatment kind;

And all preceptors, who would praise deserve,

Should with nice eye, these diff'ring traits, ob-
serve;

And never corp'ral punishment impose,

Where shame is found and honest duty grows:

But give instruction as a parent would,

And by example make the pupil good.

The weak, for dulness, should not be chastis'd,

For duties then, are like the rod despis'd;

Stern dulness is, by chast'ning, unrefin'd,

And blows repeated never form the mind.

But should the vicious in corruption stray,

And give example of pernicious sway,

'Tis then and *then alone* the master's task,
 To lift the monster and its head unmask,
 Display the Hydra in its native black,
 And preach correctives to the mulish back.
 But rare the task! May vice desert her wiles,
 And virtue wear a thousand witching smiles;
 "Grow with our growth and strengthen with our
 strength,"

And rise triumphant in her charms at length;
 Draw countless millions to her ermin'd shrine,
 To worship there and melt in bliss divine;
 Then slighted nature will again be pure,
 And love and union flourish ever more!

In sorrow sunk, or rous'd with sharp chagrin,
 A hapless school band oft the muse has seen;
 Where time for mischief, idleness obtain'd,
 And dulness gross with leaden sceptre reign'd;
 Beneath some dronish, senseless pedagogue,
 Whose daily labour was to bawl and flog.

For every useful business unprepar'd,
 Through want of diligence and skill, debar'd
 From ev'ry other money making toil—
 To ply mechanic arts or till the soil;
 Abhorr'd by all as of the lowest grade,
 The fool derided, is a teacher made:
 By whom? By such as know the sacred truth,
 That wiset heads should educate their youth.
 By *whom?*—Perversion strange! by those who
 know,
 That purest pleasures from just learning flow;
 Who *feel*, it rests upon the teachers art
 To form the mind and purify the heart;
 Who *feel*, or *ought* to feel in duty bound,
 To bless their sons with lore and maxim sound;
 Because they see the bitt'rest waves of woe,
 From knowledge false and hearts corrupted flow—
 If well-inform'd—ne'er thinking as they ought—
 Or uninform'd, they take the clown ill taught,

And through mistaken aim to save their pence,
On rank imposture spend their competence,
To purchase vice to teach their children ill,
Their toil to squander and their time to kill.
The finish'd hypocrite in virtue's mask,
With mock importance now assumes the task;
In deaf'ning peals the vollied babblings pour,
Methinks I hear all Bedlam in a roar;
Each urchin tries his lungs and strains his throat,
To drown with noise a neighb'ring urchin's note;
In drawling dissonance a hundred sing,
A hundred questions in a moment ring;
Some half-a-dozen in an instant rise,
Each clam'rously for leave of absence cries;
A thousand calls to order disobey'd,
A thousand threats for disobedience, made,
Augment the uproar, till the master frets
Himself to rage, his dignity forgets,
And blindly plies the ferula and scourge,
In random fray as angry passions urge:

Dead silence reigns; the master's passions cool,
 And he adjourns to play his frightened school.
 Perchance some urchin rising in his place,
 With formal heartlessness half sings a *grace*,
 In farcic rev'rence lectur'd by the rod,
 Thus, ere he eat, to trifle with his God!
 But play arrives; the master deigns to stoop,
 From tyrant sway and mingle with the group;
 Through love of sport he joins the senseless roar,
 Repress'd by blows a little time before;
 The grossest words he condescends to bring,
 To raise the laugh around the marble ring;
 The ball and quoit to play, the race to run
 A perfect adept—devotee to *fun*;
 In pastime pleas'd to while his hours away,
 And boast himself the hero of the play.
 Fatigued at last the idle, wanton band,
 Disgusted take their books at his command;
 To listless languor or to sport resign'd,
 To dreams of pleasure yields his sportive mind;

Their books they thoughtless hold, or with grimace,
 In careless air outstretch before the face,
 To hide their antics, whilst they sneering greet,
 Each arch dissembler for the well plan'd cheat;
 And laugh to think their master is outdone
 In folly, crime, hypocrisy or fun;
 Then loud in chorus raise the grating croak,
 Or rouse some tumult by a play-yard joke;
 And then the Babel strife, and lash return,
 Till pupils spoil'd and master mad adjourn.
 What good can spring from such a scene as this?
 The pupils learn but little—that, *amiss*;
 'Tis here a thousand evil habits shoot,
 And in the tender mind take deepest root;
 'Tis here low cunning first her effort tries,
 And mates with vice array'd in virtue's guise,
 Grows with the young and ripens with their years,
 And rank dishonesty through life appears.
 E'en should a youth by parent's virtue sway'd;
 Through instinct, shun th' example here display'd;

By stupid master, treated with neglect,
 Or frown'd to slavish fear through disrespect;
 He learns awry, or learns but to forget,
 And drags a pensive life in deep regret.
 But should a Socrates or Plato deal,
 His lore to such as understand and feel;
 We see admiring youth in rapture bend,
 Adopt his maxims and begin to mend;
 We find his pupils gain'd to moral rule—
 'Tis *int'rest* keeps up order in his school.
 With fix'd attention, lo! they sit around,
 With science pleas'd and wrapt in thought pro-
 found.

Learn'd without pride; and dignified with ease,
 Dispos'd, without servility, to please;
 Decisive in command, but not severe,
 Inclined to lead by hope, not drive by fear;
 In praise, reserv'd; and in reproving, kind,
 By *life* and *speech*, they fascinate the mind.

Improving converse *here* the place supplies,
 Of knavish craft and sportive exercise;
 They court not play for pleasure's paltry sake,
 But to unbend the mind, amusement take.
 Through easy habit prone to moralize,
 'Midst leisure moments unsought profits rise,
 E'en from the humblest scene of common things,
 In secret process, richest treasure springs,
 With eye all searching o'er their books they pore,
 And every word and thought in mind secure;
 All things conceiv'd, in happy force unite,
 To warn from wrong and teach them what is
 right;
 And form a ready fund, they can bestow,
 In after life, to lessen human woe.
 Whene'er the parent can a teacher find,
 Of Lanc'ster's heart and Bentham's solid mind;
 Oh! let him not through fear, his self to lose,
 His child's advantage sordidly refuse,

Oh! let him by the kindest patronage,
 This master spirit in his cause engage;
 With him unite, with him co-operate,
 To make his pupils truly good and great.
 For time and money ne'er are spent amiss,
 Nor labour lost, to purchase real bliss.
 Accept, good Lancaster, all praise above,
 The simple homage of the purest love;
 Thou honest quaker, friend of human kind,
 Accept the lay sincere, though unrefin'd;
 O'er lands to thee unknown the spirit strays,
 The *World* to thee an honest tribute pays.
 Thousands of human beings, but for thee,
 To vice abandon'd, chill'd with penury;
 In every town, beneath thy plan revive,
 Gain useful knowledge and in business thrive;
 Ten thousand victims sunk in Heathen night,
 By thee redeem'd to Gospel life and light,
 In crowded chapels most devoutly raise
 The pealing anthems of Jehovah's praise!

How happy must the teacher *feel*, to find
Himself the benefactor of mankind;
To see the object of his anxious care,
Among the *first* and *best* in life appear;
To noblest rank by his instruction rais'd,
For merit honour'd, and for goodness prais'd!
He smiles in rapture at his pupil's name,
Enjoys his feelings and partakes his fame.
May beatific science kindly shed,
Her light and magic round each teacher's head,
Encharm his lectures to ensure success,
And swell the sum of human happiness:
Then *virtue* o'er the human race will rule,
And purest Glory spring in every School.

BOOK III.

Manhood, or the stage of life during which, man enjoys his greatest strength of body and vigour of mind; and is most engaged in business.

CONTENTS.

The Lover—the Friend—the Enemy of many characters—the Relatives—the Vision—the *Truly great and good man*—the Pains and Pleasures of Retrospection—Death.

BOOK III.

The time arrives from school to disengage,
And bring the Drama to a diff'rent stage;
Where life mature, in changeful action bold,
In all its figur'd scenery may unfold.
Here men, like actors by rehearsal train'd,
Until their parts are in perfection gain'd;
Some make their own, a worthy borrow'd part,
And gain the plaudit as they win the heart;
Some act a godlike part in open scene,
And play the Devil, when behind the screen;
Some nobly act till *benefit* is o'er,
And then their characters regard no more;
The weak grow wicked; master spirits mend,
And keep their credit to the very end.
Felicity is every creature's aim,
And to it each asserts a diff'rent claim;
For *this*, the magic power of golden ore
The Jew and Miser piously adore;

For *this*, the sailor follows vapour wealth,
A stream oft fatal to the seaman's health,
O'er hills, o'er vallies, over tombs, through deeps,
He never loathes pursuit and seldom sleeps;
Until he sleeps in death and owns at last
The phantom gone, and all his pleasure pass'd!
For *this*, the hero dreams of rising fame,
And waves triumphant war's destructive flame,
Defies the sword and mocks the cannon's roar,
Till fame expires and bliss is seen no more!
For *this*, whole provinces are made to groan,
Weep tears of blood as they a master own,
Applaud the despot, kiss the smiting hand,
And writhe in grace at his accurs'd command;
Endure the yoke and drag their clanking chains,
And pine in poverty's keen chills and pains!
For *this*, great kingdoms are consign'd to waste,
Whole people bleed, and nature's self disgrac'd!
Great God! How many ruins smoke around,
What seas of blood o'erwhelm the quaking ground,

To furnish dainties for one *princely* man,
Or soothe the vengeance of a courtezan!
Both good and evil, we must all confess,
Arise from the pursuit of happiness;
By all much sought, but seldom full in sight,
Unknown too oft, and rarely judged aright:
We all intent are ever on the stretch;
But who alas! the fugitive can catch?
In striving to be bless'd, some hope resign,
Or through defeat to apathy decline;
Whilst some oppress'd with surfeits wretched are,
Starve 'midst satiety and breathe despair;
And some propense to bless themselves alone,
Regale on death and make a million groan!
When sordid self-love prompts to wretched joys,
The viper, happiness itself destroys;
'Tis self-love only moves the human race,
Their bliss, their woe, their honour and disgrace.
The world's a theatre where actors swarm,
And in the drama various parts perform;

All idle quacks disport in comedy,
 And malign spirits rage in tragedy;
 But oft the comic and the tragic join,
 And wrap the sequel in profound design;
 Conflicting parts the supple hero plays,
 And shifts opinion into blank amaze;
 Nor is the awful mystery unveil'd,
 Till life is spent and art itself has fail'd;
 Stern death at last the cruel mask removes,
 And by his deeds the man a villain proves;
 'Twould seem but fancy—mere fictitious strife,
 But reason tells the muse 'tis real life.
 Both male and female court the gestic throng,
 And sacrifice their time to dance and song;
 Combine pert pantomime with mimicry,
 And hunt down pleasure 'midst their revelry;
 Or with malicious and destructive aim,
 Demolish virtue to procure a name,
 The poor despoil, their minds and health impair,
 To gain applause and make the foolish stare.

Innum'rous is the pestilential train,
 Of foes to human bliss, self-doom'd to pain;
 And sure the muse's weak attempts would fail,
 To picture each and all its woes detail;
 Yet some she'll pass in critical review,
 Expos'd in colours faint, but strictly true.
 The griping miser we have often seen,
 A stalking skeleton of haggard mein,
 Rob'd in the tatters of a thread bare coat,
 With eye excursive, hunting every mote;
 All-craving av'rice rules his hungry breast,
 Corrodes his soul and breaks his scanty rest.
 His heart is mov'd by money-making rage,
 He starves to live at some far-distant age,
 When hoary time his fading locks shall frost,
 And all his youthful energy be lost.
 Some feelings of the man he still retains,
 And mingles promise with his sordid gains,
 That at *some* time when glitt'ring heaps shall rise,
 To meet his wants and sate his greedy eyes,

He will unbolt his heart, unlock his chest,
Relieve the poor, and in his hoard be blest.
Cajol'd by this deceptive, flatt'ring hope,
His int'rest gives his calculation scope;
He robs the poor to swell his bloated purse,
Entails a curse, but to relieve a curse;
Trepans the wealthy to augment his store,
And often counts his heaps of useless ore:
The more he has, the more through want he grieves,
And feels an awful dread of rust and thieves;
To guard his pelf, his strong-box close he keeps,
And o'er the rubbish, interrupted sleeps.
Perhaps in sleep he feeds on golden dreams,
And floods of wealth emblaz'd with endless gleams;
Or bloody-minded rogues invade his rest,
Despatch his life and bear away his chest;
With ghastly grin he shudders at the loss,
As dreaming agonies his bosom cross:
Gold is his God; and Gold, his poverty,
Gold starves his frame and chills his charity:

And if when hast'ning to his native dust,
 The miser feel—and feel he surely must—
 The shrieks of Poverty will pierce his heart,
 And keen *Remorse*, her scorpion sting impart!
 A fev'rish life, remote from man he leads,
 And drinks perdition as each victim bleeds;
 He sees too late his golden vision's past,
 As tyrant Death now bids him breathe his last;
 Crush'd down beneath a heavy weight of woes,
 Low to the grave the wretched miser goes!
 And then alas! the most oppressive curse,
 He groans to see the spendthrift loose his purse.
 Just like some guardian Angel, Prudence lives,
 Consults her ease, and then her surplus gives,
 Where harmless Poverty in pensive mood,
 Hard fate endures in friendless solitude;
 Where *Want* engenders black Disease and Death,
 And sheds abroad her foul, morbidic breath;
 Spends aguish chills and sheds her pelting rain,
 To fill the humble cot with grief and pain.

But like some Demon, curs'd with glutton rage,
 Lank, starving Avarice disdains all guage;
 Her gulf-like appetite would ne'er be fill'd,
 Were worlds gulp'd down, or *liquid Ophir* swill'd;
 Whole realms are rifled to enrich her store,
 Yet her abundance makes her covet more!
 Golconda's gems must swell her precious hoard,
 And Chinese vases sparkle at her board;
 Amboyna, Banda, must their spices send,
 The golden East her splendid treasures spend:
 Nay every sea, and isle, and frith, and land,
 Must with their tribute cross her palsied hand;
 To sate a stomach, fulness ne'er can blench,
 And meet the thirst, an ocean cannot quench;
 A thirst and appetite, that always rise,
 Above the level of the best supplies.
 The Miser, Penury's contracted elf,
 Preserves his hoard and preys upon himself;
 But as the bow elastic keeps its spring,
 In all its force against the stretching string;

And when unstrung, recoils with vigour new,
 Beyond the line in which the timber grew;
 The Miser's bantling quits the father's dream,
 And for a *new*, deserts an *old extreme*;
 And, heedless of his father's toils and pains,
 He pampers pleasure on his furtive gains.
 Untaught to think; 'tis brute, insensate lust,
 That makes him revel o'er his father's dust:
 If e'en his reason acts with slightest force,
 And views the Miser's avaricious course;
 His mind undisciplin'd in moral laws,
 Misjudges Prudence as the hateful cause;
 Her spirit, as his father's vice contemns,
 And all her honest whisperings condemns
 As paltry counsels of a stingy wretch,
 In quest of booty, starving on the stretch;
 And not content herself to macerate,
 But whelming thousands in her hungry fate.
 Discharg'd from bonds, with treasure at command,
 He deals out bounty with a wasteful hand,

On all alike, whate'er their merits be—
 To be consider'd rich and kind and free.
 Profusion gives his patrimony wings,
 And back to use, *extorted money* flings;
 And with it, folly, vice, and crime he throws,
 The seeds prolific of the fellest woes.
 'Tis *sordid* self-love brews her sorest ills,
 The heart with bane; the mind with darkness fills
 This instinct strong, by reason unrefin'd,
 In modes destructive, strange, and undefin'd,
 Works up the passions into fury hot,
 Blast vernal hope and prints the foulest blot.
 No matter what the motive, good or bad,
 The secret venom makes the victim mad;
 And howe'er pure the passion at its source,
 This deadly poison taints it in its course.
 When kind and mutual is the gen'rous flame,
 Unting'd with guilt and destitute of shame;
 Not more intent kind warmth to take than give,
 Within its range a thousand blessings live—

The youth of passions high and fancy warm,
 Who loves to mould to Beauty, every form;
 Sees truly, fancies, or would fain endue,
 The dullest visage with the brightest hue,
 That he may have some object to admire,
 To charm his soul and tender hopes inspire.
 He means to hunt for raptures quite divine,
 He means to love and bow at Beauty's shrine;
 With homage bursting—how can he but feel,
 The strangest itch that homage to reveal?
 He must, a Goddess; *will*, a Goddess, make,
 And love his creature for his *own dear* sake.
 His doating mind replete with sympathy,
 Decks out its idol with rich drapery,
 Filch'd from the wardrobe of each ancient Grace,
 And trims it off with modern gems and lace:
 In youth or dotage, coarse or superfine,
 She *must*, for *him*—she *shall* appear divine:
 He rears this idol Goddess, thus he makes,
 And on her favour all his prospect stakes;

His image worships, and attempts to gain
 The Fancy-wrought perfection of his brain.
 Idolatry than Heathen more profane!
 Dark sin of Folly, cursed source of pain!
 All-moving Love a merry Drama plays,
 With num'rous actors in unnumber'd ways;
 A part distinct each pliant actor holds,
 Whilst every scene its own design unfolds.
 The *gen'ral* lover acts a two-fold part,
 To boast of conquest and be deem'd quite smart:
 This love-accomplish'd, but unfeeling knight,
 In gaining triumph takes a strange delight;
 No matter how unworthy or divine,
 Appears the object of his arch design.
 He loves to eulogize, in flatt'ry deals,
 And from poetic fiction oft he steals
 Love tales, and sentiments, and songs, and glees,
 With am'rous wit, which seldom fails to please;
 These dresses he in Fancy's highest charms,
 Set off with pathos, full of soft alarms;

And talks of Cupid, Venus, witchcraft, darts,
Unhappy victims with poor, broken hearts,
To any fair, until her pity sighs
And tears of feeling glisten in her eyes;
Then does her ravish'd ears with praises fill,
Engross her heart and subjugate her will.
He gives caresses, spreads his wily snares,
And then to *constancy eternal* swears;
Secures her confidence, then sneaks away,
To hunt another and another prey.
To ev'ry damsel he politely bows,
Contracts engagements, violates his vows,
On first acquaintance he ne'er fails to court,
And sighing victims are his idle sport;
He often perpetrates his foul designs,
And to seduction, innocence consigns;
He murders souls, and vaunts his guilty deeds,
And seems most satisfied when Virtue bleeds!
What floods of poison issue from his tongue;
From his black art, what cruel fates have sprung!

The lovely Wharton, sweet as charming May,
And gay as birds, that hop from spray to spray,
Of tender passions, rul'd by Virtuous sense,
Yet to Romantic dreaming too propense;
At last, too unsuspecting, met her doom,
And clos'd her sorrows in the darksome tomb!
Like some lone chrystal twinkling in the sky,
That sheds its splendour in Aurora's eye;
But shrinks diminish'd from the solar blaze,
Shuts up its glow, and into mist decays;
To sun-tide yields its evanescent light,
To shine the glory of the spectred night:
For lo! the serpent finds her Paradise,
Speaks soft persuasion and bewitching lies;
And with resistless, fascinating art,
Destroys her reason, and enchains her heart;
Paints foul adventures in the brightest tints,
Temptation tries, and nameless pleasures hints,
Until, ill-fated hour! her doom is seal'd,
And all her woes and infamy reveal'd!

Poor, luckless Maid! thy Chastity's no more,
 And endless life could not thy fame restore!
 Cut off at once in youth and beauty's pride,
 'Thou and thy virtues faded, fell and died!
 Base *Sanford*, who essay'd the flatt'rer's part,
 Ne'er lov'd thy person, though he gain'd thy heart;
 He gain'd thy *will* to satisfy his lust,
 And heartless doom'd thee to the lowly dust!
 A fugitive from honour, friends and God,
 As only fit to moulder in the sod!
 Ye spotless Virgins, rob'd in Beauty's state,
 Shun, shun the rock, escape the dreadful fate;
 Secure your Virtue, fortify the heart,
 And never listen to the flatt'rer's art;
 His lips are full of guile; his soul, of hell,
 And his designs no wizzard e'er can tell:
 Distrust the man, who woos you on first sight;
 He is a knave, and cheating's his delight;
 His character and conduct are unknown,
 His sinful deeds no penance can atone;

Disguis'd himself, the softest words he plies,
 If off your guard, he takes you by surprise;
 He often courts a maid, nor knows her name,
 Much less her birth, her principle and fame;
 He will endure no questions in return—
He only wants to quench the fires that burn.
 Nor less the glozing sycophant despise,
 That rav'ning wolf in lambskin's meekest guise,
 He will your charms and virtues all reveal,
 And all your foibles and your faults conceal;
 He makes you more than human, but at last,
 When the extatic honey-moon is past;
 Your fairest side is made as black as night,
 And all your faults are set in dismal plight;
 Reproaches, disappointments, mis'ries prey
 Upon your soul, and frighten Love away.
 Ere Hymen, with his ever during bands,
 Has tied in wedlock your consenting hands;

Choose honest friends, who will your weakness
show,

Nor keen reproach, nor too much praise bestow;

The *honest* man will treat you as a friend,

And make you happier as the more you mend.

If e'er you dream you have *perfection* spied,

Your *reason*, rest assur'd, is much belied;

The storm of *Passion* drives your bliss amain,

And but in wrecks 'tis never seen again;

E'en *Hope*, sweet *Hope*, in panic and despair,

Resigns with grief her ministerial care;

Flies from the whirling gulf, in peace to dwell,

With pious *Concord* in the Hermit's cell.

Alas! how many ills, *Deception* brings,

How from *Slight* error, *Hydra Anguish* springs!

At *Beauty's* shrine some arch deceiver bows,

Profuse in promises, profane in vows;

With hands unhallow'd, lips deep ting'd with
guile,

In feeling, cruel; in his prospects, vile;

In lisp'ing, trembling, fainting, nicely skill'd,
 With scenic Romance and love ditties fill'd;
 In bowing, ogling, squeezing, debonair,
 Of ofty carriage, and obeisant air;
 Of style harmonic, as the zephyr bland,
 And keen provocatives at good command—
 The sweetest languishment, a thousand tears,
 A thousand graceful thoughts, and hopes, and fears;
 Cool, new-sprent grottos, gently-babbling streams,
 The moon light sky full gemm'd with starry beams;
 The warbling choristers of magic dales,
 That in wild metre trill their raptur'd tales;
 And Music rich, whose sweets in torrents flow,
 And melts and sweeps away our ice and snow:
These, with some dread *resolves* the lover yields,
 The damsel feels and glows, and melts and yields.
 But ah! my soul! when Intercourse displays,
 The heart that sins, the hand that oft betrays;
 The castle falls, the golden vision flies,
 And 'midst the ruin hideous serpents rise;

Unfriendly Hate in disappointment bred,
 With fierce *Resentment*, rears her Gorgon head;
 Spurts out her venom in unlovely tone,
 And looks all social feeling into stone.
 Pale, winkled Jealousy, with eye-balls green,
 And system overcharg'd with bile and spleen,
 In tracing amours vers'd with hellish nack,
 For new dilemmas ever on the rack;
 Her bliss, through greedy self-love, undermines,
 And 'midst high surfeits, for new pleasure pines:
 Whilst fell *Revenge* with venom rank distent,
 Struck blind by rage, on deeds of blood intent,
 On cherub Peace inflicts the dying pang,
 With force resistless and unerring fang,
 Perhaps surrounded with infected breath,
 The hissing Demon stings herself to death!
 Some from the line of honour never move,
 And ever constant to *one object* prove;
 Some love the mind, some for the person sigh,
Each of the other desperately shy.

The slaves of Beauty, to her serviee true,
 Oft as she changes, steadily pursue:
 She is the Grace of Fancy and of Taste,
 By diff'rent minds in diff'rent objects plac'd.
 One loves the maiden of the dwarfish size,
 Of lively visage, bright with azure eyes;
 Of modest mein, and pert and tripping gait,
 Of airy carriage, and of stature straight;
 He deems her fairest beauty ever seen,
 Yea perfect—far above the Cyprian Queen.
 Another likes the strong, gigantic form,
 Which tow'rs and spreads as the ascending storm;
 Rotund and fair, aspiring to the skies,
 With moon like features and with sunny eyes;
 With breasts; like snow-clad mountains arch'd in
 view,
 Of ivory neck bedight with dangling cue—
 She's elegant, majestic, heavenly, grand,
 The perfect fabric of a master hand!

The squab thing, some; and some, the pigmy love,
 The ape, the tigress, or the peaceful dove;
 Some love the silent; some, the prattling thing,
 And to the tender girl of song some cling.
 A head, an eye, a cheek, an ear, a nose,
 Mouth, chin, hand, breast, or aught where Beauty
 glows,
 Has soft attraction fill'd with magic fires,
 That draws weak Fancy, and the heart inspir'd.
 Thus fickle Beauty, wheresoever seen,
 Black, white, or red, or yellow, blue, or green,
 Rob'd in true elegance, not cloth'd at all,
 True Beauty still our varying fancies call.
 Her victim feels: the flashings of her grace,
 In effervescence brisk roll o'er his face;
 His art'ries flush, and boil through ev'ry vein,
 Dethrone his reason and usurp the reign;
 Pervade his system, hiss around his frame,
 And burn the heart with Love's corroding flame.

He quits all business, thinks of nought but her,
 Now rous'd by hope and now depress'd with fear;
 Imagination full of idle dreams,
 Now churns her glooms, then sends her soothing
 gleams,
 Fills all the mind with smiling phantasies,
 Or whelms the soul in baleful reveries.
 Put fast to sleep by Beauty's opiate charms,
 He fondly dozes in her circling arms;
 To life and usefulness he seldom wakes,
 And former strength and reason rarely takes;
 But should his sleepy potion be discharg'd,
 His lethargy dispell'd, his mind enlarg'd;
 Then all his blissful visions flee áway,
 And leave remorse, affliction, and dismay.
 Not so the son of Reason, who to mind,
 More than mere painted outside is inclin'd;
 He seeks with just discernment for the wife,
 Whose noble virtues may improve through life—

Good sense and cheerfulness and virtuous ease,
 A gentle temper much dispos'd to please;
 Sincerity of heart, determin'd truth,
 The strictest diligence in early youth;
 A modest love, that merit may engage,
 And grow to friendship warm in frosty age;
 Religion vital, garb'd in sanctity,
 From tow'ring pride and grov'ling meanness free;
 A docile spirit, whose most fervent prayer,
 Is, errors past to see, and faults repair;
 With talent rarely found, whose pride is this,
To change all subjects into themes of bliss:
These make *his* beauty; *these*, *his* love excite,
 His toil they sweeten and his soul delight;
 The lovely pair, to selfishness unknown,
 Live for the world, not for themselves alone;
 All senseless rant and jarring strife above,
 They act united and reprove with love;
 No harsh collision mars their wedded peace,
 But mild correctives, happiness, increase.

They by profession and by conduct teach,
 And moral truths their lives sublimely preach;
 Themselves and man they bless, and glory give
 To him who made this grand repletion live;
 More happy still as Time revolves his wheel,
 And dear past scenes upon their mem'ries steal;
 They useful, happy live; resign'd they die,
 And then to glory everlasting fly.

Shall now the Muse the happy scene reverse,
 And tales of anguish once again rehearse?
 It must be so; for sorrow's shrieking strain,
 Induc'd by error, and impell'd by pain,
 In dread example may the will deter,
 That would to Passion's wilder breezes veer;
 Reprieve some frail, involv'd, devoted slave,
 Who weeps her penance o'er the yawning grave.
 Vers'd in the wily arts of sordid Love,
 A Vulture mask'd in plumage of the Dove;
 Fierce and revengeful, in a meek disguise,
 Polite, profane, and fully stock'd with lies;

Fair spoken, crafty, calculating, bold,
Avaro woo'd a maid to win her gold.
 She too a simple, mercenary elf,
 Was only anxious to enrich herself;
 Seduc'd by vows, and flush'd with selfish pride,
 Intent to wanton in a golden tide;
 Entic'd by splendour, with big titles pleas'd,
 His offers rich with slight persuasion seiz'd:
 Kind-hearted Love let fall a sainted tear,
 For he in prospect saw the shroud and bier;
 And fault'ring Hymen with reluctant hands,
 Bound and bedew'd their cruel, bloody bands!
 When Passion's pungent zest was worn away,
 And crude enticements gone to sad decay;
 When jaded sense with stale profusion drunk,
 In deep, quiescent, tasteless languor sunk;
 From blank indiff'rence into hateful strife,
 Poor, dormant Reason wak'd to tortur'd life.
 Grown too familiar ever to improve,
 Now lawless feelings in their bosoms move;

Ill-temper'd pride exerts a deadly force,
 To steel their hearts and curse their intercourse;
 And rank vulgarities of act and speech,
 Profane their union and confirm the breach.
 Her tongue replete with spleen and gall and ire,
 Than the relentless Dragon's fang more dire;
Irana rolls in senseless, ceaseless blame,
 Unmix'd with love, and unrestrain'd by shame;
 Cries down her comforts, aggravates her cares,
 Blots out her hopes and magnifies her fears;
 Still more enrag'd as griefs on griefs arise,
 Rage swells her cheeks and anger flames her eyes;
 Reproach and curse in thick confusion flung,
 In poison'd torrents thunder from her tongue.
 The dismal plague her list'ning children catch,
 And draw their mis'ry from the thoughtless wretch!
 But ah! *Avaro* much dispos'd to roam,
 Now flies the spectres of his haunted home;
 Attempts to cure his deep inquietude,
 O'er flowing goblets with companions lewd;

In midnight routs and fornicating sheets,
 He tries to drown his griefs in sensual sweets,
 And oft to dead forgetfulness a prey,
 He spends, entomb'd in life, the fatal day;
 On juggling gamblers all his substance spends,
 And loss of health with waste of fortune blends!
 His trembling limbs, red eyes and bloated face,
 Announce his ruin stamp'd with foul disgrace!
 Like some ferocious beast, that feels the smart,
 Of wounds hot-burning from the poison'd dart;
 In rage he flounders from the paths of men,
 To seek the roarings of his savage den.
 Irana's temper into frenzy stung,
 Adds tenfold vengeance to her wrathful tongue:
 "No more, no more"—the fierce Avaro cries,
 Whilst Malice glooms his red, forboding eyes—
 "No more! I'll hear no more; thou jade accurs'd,
 Down, down to Styx, and quench thy bellish thirst!"
 He drives the deadly dagger to her heart,
 And bids her soul to deathless woe depart!

Then with infernal aim and demon grin,
 To glut his vengeance and complete his sin;
 He plants the weapon in *his* guilty side,
 And pours his life-blood out in suicide!
 Like two rich mines surcharg'd with flaming stores,
 With hostile min'rals and metallic ores;
 Whose warring mass some chemic mixtion shakes,
 Until the whole with dread commotion quakes;
 Flames, rocks, and lava, mix in monstrous sound,
 And spread destruction o'er the trembling ground.
 Such is their fall; how like the primal curse,
 Of Eve and Adam, told in Gospel verse!
 Their sinful nature in their offspring reigns,
 And guilt hereditary fills their veins;
 These pine in guilt and destiny obscure,
 And griping want with endless taunts endure!
 Strange imputation! Hard, unhappy lot!
 How oft is merit buried in the cot!
 How many a hand that empire might have sway'd,
 In dark oblivion is unjustly laid!

How many a soul with heav'nly ardours fraught,
Is by parental guilt to ruin brought!

The strongest growth oft shades the putrid tomb,
The sweetest plants in gore and ordure bloom;
The brightest jewel, deep-imbedded shines,
Amidst the rust and filth of darkest mines.

Ah! Why should Hate the noblest spirit chill,
Bid Genius mope and rustic Wit lie still;

And ne'er of polish'd Art and Science taste,
But in lorn hermitage their greatness waste!

Malignant Slander hates all excellence,
And on the *good* alone pale envy vents,
Her vile aspersions with vindictive spite;
And *both* in stifling *worth* take mean delight.

But Love—my Muse, how canst thou Love define?

A thing at once *infernal* and *divine*;

A mystic power acting on the soul,

With rabid harshness—oft with kind controul;

Sometimes the fev'rish neighbour of the dead,

With thorns and aches she crowns the tortur'd head;

But rare an Angel of the tuneful choir,
 The heart she purifies with holy fire;
 With flatt'ring hand she empties from her urn,
 Much bliss and woe and life and death in turn;
 With tears and sighs and shrieks and groans and
 barbs,

And blushing Cupids dress'd in witching garbs;
 Monastic crosses, prayers, and beads, and veils,
 Romantic dirges, sweet poetic tales;
 And with ten thousand means affords the art,
 To vow, forswear, to kill or cure the heart;
 To sigh and scorn, disdain, reproach, regret,
 Accept, discard—*but never to forget.*

Love mix'd with Virtue always is demure,
 But without Virtue, vapid and impure;
 The heart would linger in the holy cell,
 Where chastest love and sister *Constance* dwell;
 Oft feel a pang to hear a Petrarch weep,
 Or heave a sigh o'er Werter's hapless sleep.

But oh! how many of transcendant charms,
 Lose health and fame in meretricious arms!
 How much abortive grace and sense and time,
 Are plung'd in want and woe and lustful crime!
 Shall Vice, sweet Liberty, thy soil profane,
 And tinge thy altar with her deadly stain?
 Shall Virtue wither and contagion spread,
 Until thy form shall moulder with the dead?
 Away—unwelcome, vagrant thought—away!
 No more upon my peace intrude, I pray:
 Live, Virtue, Live—coeval with old Time,
 And with sweet freedom ever bless our clime.
Friendship's a more endearing name than Love,
 For *this* may wander, *that can never rove*;
 But grant them both in equal fervour drawn,
That shines forever, *this* is quickly gone.
 When Beauty fades; her victim, Love expires,
 And shuts in Death his evanescent fires;
 Except that *love*, which *reason* fans to flame,
 And *this* is friendship strict in other name.

Friendship's no bantling from a lustful source,
 No orphan child of lawless intercourse;
 No tool of knaves, no pimp of Libertines,
 Perfum'd with essences, and flush'd with wines;
 But 'tis the offspring of a Heav'nly sire,
 The tender pledge of simple, chaste desire;
 Clear emanation of eternal day,
 The happy tenant of congenial clay;
 A vital feeling never to be cool'd,
 By Virtue foster'd and by Wisdom rul'd.
 Where Justice, Temp'rance, Prudence, Fortitude,
 Correct intentions, moral habitude,
 Complacent charity, benevolence,
 Unbounded knowledge and beneficence—
Where meet these virtues mingled into grace,
 There charming Friendship shows his honest face.
 The human race when strictly scrutiniz'd,
 Will seem by Nature's self so organiz'd,
 With fleshy members—faculties of mind;
 That some things hurt, and other things are kind.

External objects raise, some, ease; some, pain;
Those, health promote; and *these* the system strain:
 Sensations pleasant, certain joys, advance,
 And transient pains, our happiness enhance,
 Great Nature teaches Mis'ry to eschew,
 And happiness with ardour to pursue;
 And in the race all eagerly engage,
 From lisping youth, to hoary-headed age.
 But ev'ry soul peculiar passions haunt,
 And diff'rent men for diff'rent objects pant
 With strong desire, that ne'er could be allay'd,
 Were all mankind by selfish motives sway'd.
 Hence in the code of Nature's gen'ral laws,
 We find self-love is made the existing cause;
 Whilst *Reason* on that philosophic page,
 Presents a check to self-love's wanton rage,
 Thus principled, the children of the skies,
 Were form'd to mingle under social ties;
 For left alone, proud man would be a Bear,
 Prowl like a beast and his own kindred tear;

And stuff or starve as fit occasions rose,
 And then his wants in lank starvation close:
 Hence man unfit for solitude and strife,
 Is qualified to rank in social life.
 Self-preservation, Nature's first dictate,
 As other rights, points out its correlate;
 For *right* a corresponding *duty* shows,
 And on *their exercise* our safety grows.
 Man unrestrain'd would no obedience give,
 To Nature's laws, but like the savage live:
 Hence each yields up a part of nat'ral right,
 And curbs by moral law his rueful might;
 That by the tax he may protect the rest,
 And with *security* be amply bless'd.
 The whole compos'd of parts, the parts sustain,
 And thus the rights of ev'ry one maintain—
 The rights of conscience, speech and property,
 And duly regulated Liberty.
 Mankind are friends to peace and not to war,
 They love society and strife abhor;

Man loves his brother, maugre *Hobbes* or hate,
 Nor less man's common weal and peaceful state.
 Then what is Friendship? Ye, who know it, say;
 Is it the vapour of a sultry day?
 Is it the lust of flesh, which sated, palls?
 The morose tenant of monastic walls?
 The pale-fac'd goblin of the haunted grave,
 Or sullen Hermit of the gloomy cave?
 No; 'tis the purer font of life and joys,
 An essence sweet, that never fills and cloy;
 The god of peace, that scorns low arts and wiles,
 Who wears perpetual cheerfulness and smiles;
 A lovely spirit ne'er to be express'd,
 That makes a Heaven blooming in the breast;
 Esteem, affection, call it what we will,
 It is the source of countless blessings still.
 The highway robber, who the dagger draws,
 With bloody purpose and above the laws;
 Who holds the point against your beating side,
 Menaces death and scoffs at Reason's pride;

If told a brother robber is his aim,
 Will former friendship and forgiveness claim.
 If base assassins on destruction bent,
 To deeds of bloody horror look intent;
 And Friendship's voice but raise the warning cry,
 Their arms will fall and their intentions fly.
 When former greatness in the dust is laid,
 And Wealth and Splendor lose their wonted aid;
 When Hope in keen despair supinely flags,
 And drooping Poverty scarce moves in rags;
 Sweet then it is to have an honest friend,
 For with delight he will assistance lend.
 When joy attends or horrid ill betides,
 Friendship augments our bliss, our woe divides!
 Friendship ne'er leaves its object in despair,
 Pale Want and Sickness are its pious care;
 Distress finds comfort, and despair finds hope,
 Disease, fresh health; and happiness, its scope.
 The mourner takes a soul-reviving cheer,
 The widow smiles, the orphan wipes his tear;

The halt grow strong, the blind are made to see,
And the poor captive once again is free—

The captive?— Yes, the captive fill'd with pains,
With hunger, thirst—and bound with clanking
chains;

Expos'd to heat and cold—bound to a spot,
To pine, to fester, languish, and to rot!

If, whilst he moans his melancholy fate,
And longs once more to see his native state,

Will, as he shakes his fetters, boldly say—

“ Am I not a *man*, thy brother, pray?”—

The sound will reach the Despot's callous heart,

And he for once will act the brother's part;

The chains will fall; or he's no man, no friend,

But an *unfeeling brute*, some *hellish fiend*.

Call home my reason, sympathetic Muse,

And noble feeling through my heart transfuse;

Arrest my fancy, solemnize my mind,

To contemplate the woes of human kind,

the widow sobs, the orphan wipes his tears

The woes, that pierce the adamantine heart,
 And bid all cheerfulness and peace depart:
 The dreadful wrongs, which haunt the torrid zone,
 Oh! thunder with a lamentable groan.
 Call from Religion's consecrated shrine,
 Justice and feeling, full of *good* divine;
 By Friendship's note dispel the gloom of grief,
 From Sen'gal's damsel, and black Gambia's chief;
 With Freedom's wand the idle cobwebs rend,
 Unbind the shackles and the weak defend;
 Disarm Oppression, set the captive free,
 And teach the oppress'd to find a friend in thee.
 Bid Iberia no more *Casas* raise,
 And let the world resound with Freedom's praise;
 Bid Albion never more her banners stain,
 With flesh and blood to make unhallow'd gain;
 Oh! bid fair commerce ne'er expand a sail,
 To waft a slave or bear the negro's wail;
 Impale them not: Oh! save them from the flood,
 And purge from Afric's sons their slavish blood.

Let us no more incur their mortal hate,
 But snatch them from the iron bed of Fate;
 Retrieve them from the refuge of the grave,
 And give the cordial sweets, that nature gave.
 Lead me, my Muse, to Gambia's sultry coast,
 To view the heartless Kidnap's ebon boast;
 To see the hateful foeman tyrannize,
 And carnage spread to gain the human prize!
 Let Nature thunder, and Religion preach,
 Reason convince, and gen'rous Friendship teach;
 Until the heartless feel, the eyeless see,
 Great Nature triumph, and the world be free.
 Go, where red Torture holds her murd'rous reign,
 And Nature wears her foulest, blackest stain;
 Where savage hordes at painful writhings grin,
 And drown loud groans in louder war-whoop din;
 Where dames are butcher'd for a tear or sigh,
 And suckling innocents are doom'd to die!
 Go, Friendship, go; refine the savage mind,
 And teach the ruthless bosom to be kind;

Mix with the band and smoke the calumet,
 And all alarms and miseries forget;
 The Wigwam and its naked tenants bless,
 And civilize the howling wilderness.

Friendship's no hermit from the world retir'd,
 To bless itself with selfishness inspir'd;
 It goes the world and flies through all extent,
 On all sheds comfort, and is never spent.

Friendship's the Howard of the feeling heart,
 It knows to feel, it knows to heal the smart;
 It courts infection, into dungeons dives,
 And life beneath its pious care revives:
 All hostile souls it deigns to light upon,
 Like kindred drops, are mingled into *one*.

The pigmy being of the little soul,
 Whom Passion's gust and Vice's guile controul,
 Is urg'd by *self* to play the Vengeful foe,
 Regale on crime and feel delight in woe.
 A sense of merit and the consciousness,
 At the same time of *one's* unworthiness,

Breed envy, famous for revenge and lies,
 Which loves to live, where Worth detracted dies.
 Low envy, destitute of moral sense,
 Abhors improvement, shrinks at excellence;
 The Basilisk with eye of vengeance prowls,
 And cherub Peace to death the serpent scowls.
 She is the bitter foe of man; nor less
 The poor and haggard form of Idleness;
This lazy Demon her small pittance spends,
 Then begs the morsel of her saving friends;
 And should the frugal stint her greedy maw,
 She frowns the foe by Want's tyrannic law.
 Malignity from baffled self-love springs,
 And in her train a thousand harpies brings;
 Which bask in crimes; which shun the face of day;
 And gore and garbage are their fetid prey!
 Hatred's the bantling of a thousand sires,
 The victim of a thousand wild desires;
 His means are woful, nor his purpose less,
 Than the subversion of all happiness.

The man, who thinks he weds an angel bride,
 But binds a roaring Devil to his side,
 Meets disappointment, flounders in despair;
 And in the bottle seeks to drown his care;
 Displays his hatred, seeks revenge in vain,
 For drunkenness and shame augment his pain;
 And better were the odious termagant,
 With all her thunder and reviling rant;
 Nor could a hundred Jezebels be worse,
 Than keen Remorse's bitter, biting curse.
 He makes himself more brutal than the hog,
 And less sagacious than the sober dog;
 Far, far below the dumb creation sunk—
His reason reels; their instinct ne'er is drunk.
 By sottishness he all his peace destroys,
 His soul benumbs, and drowns his scanty joys;
 And e'er remember'd be the warning truth,
 The *stalking swill tub* is the foe of youth.
 The lech'rous noodle, who to pleasure takes,
 And fondly mates with nauseous shrews and rakes;

Who culls the mistress, that most boldly flares,
 And for stale pleasure, black infection dares;
 Who prompted by her malice or caprice,
 Pops rivals off and crucifies his peace;
 Is but the tool of an insensate trull,
 With whom he tries his poignant woes to lull;
 To man, a pestilence of burning breath,
 To health, contagion; and to virtue, death!
 The bully, who mistakes his physic might,
 For Reason's standard and the rule of right;
 Who swaggers, blusters, and is fond of broils,
 And courts and perpetrates the worst turmoils;
 Who arms with rage and gives his vengeance speed,
 From friendship exil'd, is a foe indeed.
 The base, the careless, senseless empiric,
 Who vitiates the well and kills the sick;
 The vile, dishonest monger of the laws,
 Who wars 'gainst virtue to obtain applause;
 The miser, who delights in furtive gold,
 And low Divines, who may be bought and sold;

The liar, flatt'rer, and adulterer,
The bloody tyrant and extortioner—
In fine, who sow in guile, who reap in crime,
Who tarnish nature and who murder time;
Who spread examples vile, bright youth to win,
And teach them how to err and how to sin;
To man are foes of most infernal mould,
From God estrang'd, and to the Devil sold:
Redeeming Mercy! ply thy chast'ning rod,
Lash Vice away, and bring us to our God.
Behold mankind with love of pleasure drunk,
Deep in the gulf of sin and sorrow sunk!
But pause, my Muse, the gen'ral view forego,
And tell, if thou canst bear, a tale of woe.
As tender charity once walk'd her round,
She on the verge of Death a victim found;
Slow roll'd his eyes, his pulse but faintly beat,
Bare was his bosom, naked were his feet;

The wind blew chills, the storm roar'd down like-
death,

And he lay gasping for the want of breath!

She felt his pangs; let drop a sainted tear,

And ask'd a brother, who was passing near,

To give a mite expiring life to save,

And snatch a brother from the gaping grave;

The son of Mammon had a heart of steel,

And flush'd with pride, disdain'd to hear or feel;

He turn'd his heel and from the Goddess pass'd,

As the poor, slighted victim breath'd his last!

With verdant wreaths she crown'd his humble bier,

And bath'd his sod with an endearing tear!

Unmindful of her wrongs, the feeling Dame,

Hies on to see where other suff'rings claim

Her gen'rous aid; she sees a wanton boy,

Unsteady, trembling steer a weighty hoy;

The winds roar rough; the rattling surges pour,

Their rumbling vengeance on the quaking shore;

Wave lashes wave and heaves the vessel high,
It seeks the deep and then ascends the sky;
It reels and bilges with a rending shock,
And swings half-wreck'd upon the fatal rock!
A single groat she begs the churl devote,
To get a pilot to relieve the boat;
The foe turns off—then sees too late and cries,
Alas! my son! he sinks—he drowns, he dies!
But yet intent on schemes of saving deeds,
She turns her steps where horrid Battle bleeds;
She prays the foemen to withhold their might,
And draw their squadrons from the deadly fight;
Vain glory scouts the prayer, and millions fall,
And death and blood and carnage cover all!
She then requests—but she requests in vain—
A moment's truce just to inter the slain;
Still Battle burns and Deaths fly thick around,
And seas of bloodshed stain the weeping ground!
Yet cease not, Charity; the time will come,
When thy complaints shall gain the heed of some;

When Lords, and Kings, and Priests, shall disappear,
And man no more his frantic brother fear;
When all mankind shall be as good as free,
And all in peace and union worship thee;
When man-devouring Carib and Malay,
Shall never more on human corpses prey;
The dreadful Lama wash his bloody wall,
Pagods and Juggernaut receive their fall;
When Anti-christ shall in a rage expire,
And Inquisition quench her martyr-fire.
Then will no more formalities deceive,
But *simple* man his brother man receive,
If flows his blood through white or ebon veins,
To wealth unknown, or bless'd with lavish gains;
Then will kind *Justice* from his throne descend,
And *Love* and *Mercy* in soft union blend;
Then *Truth* triumphant over grief and night,
With thee shall shine in clear, ethereal light;

And *Wisdom* great, from learning's treasur'd
page,

Shed light and bliss and glory on the age.

Roll on, sweet era, lag no more behind,

Come blest Millennium and exalt mankind;

When every heart shall burst in prayer and praise;

Roll on, grand orb of day, relight thy blaze,

To see the sight, and with thy radiance bless,

And give us endless light and happiness.

Relations num'rous make the social chain,

Assorted nicely in contrasted *twin*;

The wife and husband to each other near,

Parents—and children, claimants of their care;

Brothers and sisters in sweet concord tied,

Masters and servants in firm bonds allied;

The *ruling* and the *ruled* well-pois'd by fate,

And citizens conjoin'd by blood and state.

The husband should no frowning despot be,

But kind and loving, honest frank and free;

No lustful knave, no guileful flatterer,
 No baseborn dupe, no idol worshipper;
 But the true husband, father and the friend,
 Who loves to learn and teach his charge to mend:
 No daring outlaw, no submissive tool,
 No pope infallible, no bigot fool;
 But reason's proselyte, in conscience clear,
 Above credulity and niggard fear;
 Chaste in his morals, in religion mild,
 In doctrine sound, in conduct undefil'd;
 In holy life and strict deportment *such*,
 That none can love and copy him too much.
 He should not make his bosom friend his slave,
 Nor his embrace the closing of the grave;
 The sacred trustee of his hopes and fears,
 His bliss or woe, she should divide his cares;
 In joy, his hope; in grief, his comforter;
 In truth, his aid; in doubt, his counsellor;
 A guardian angel when dread ills assault.
 A strict confessor when he does a fault:

His joy, her joy; his grief, her grief, should be,

His love, her love; its pledge her chastity:

Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone—

Each should the other's every fortune own.

What is their task?—To rear their hopeful charge,

Expand their bosoms and their minds enlarge;

Restrain their passions and their vice reprove,

Make them *belov'd* and teach them *how to love*;

Breathe through their souls the balm of cheerful-

ness,

And make them *blest* and teach them *how to*

blest;

Prepare to make them men in infant state,

In *greatness, humble*; and in *goodness, great*;

Of country fond and ne'er dispos'd to roam,

Good citizens and freemen fond of home;

Pure in religion and in wisdom strong,

True friends to right and enemies to wrong;

Resolv'd a useful life in peace to close,

Where hallow'd bones of sainted sires repose.

The Muse has often felt a rapture strange,
 To see *good* parents all the soul exchange,
 In tears and smiles of sweet domestic joy,
 To find their virtues centre in their boy.
 They hear his num'rous questions with delight,
 Evasive mock'ry shun, and answer right;
 They strive his turn inquisitive to please,
 And every apt occasion promptly seize,
 To store his mind, and make his feelings rise,
 From fame on earth to glory in the skies!
 Their happy feelings ne'er can be express'd—
 To be such parents, 'tis supremely blest.
 The child should show a fondly filial awe,
 And love his parents; for 'tis nature's law;
 Receive instruction, follow their advice,
 Save when it seems the mean command of vice;
 Or when *sage* reason does some evil see,
 And prompt obedience would be misery:
 'Tis then the child's to reason and persuade,
 (For to be happy, he was surely made;)

The honest parent will the case review,
 And what right reason dictates, will pursue.
 But is your parent cruel?—Bear the cross,
 Nor think your suff'rings ere will end in loss;
 He errs a moment, but he means no ill,
 He gives the wound, but is *the parent* still;
 And good from evil often deigns to spring—
 The slowly healing sore, that felt the sting,
 Much more acute and pleasant feeling serves,
 Than broadest face of old and callous nerves.
 Then bless the hand and humbly kiss the rod,
 Support your cross and leave th' event to God.
 Emma, the gen'ral theme, the gen'ral toast,
 The pride of friendship and her parents' boast;
 Belov'd by all and prais'd by some unknown,
 In virtues like the brightest angel shone;
 In beauty, matchless; humble in her charms,
 A tender friend, no prey to love's alarms;
 Though high in wealth, unboastful of her state,
 Refin'd in mind, nor peevish nor elate;

Not proud and vain, and yet ambitious less,
 Like charity herself to aid distress;
 Return'd the care her father erst bestow'd,
 And paid the debt of gratitude she ow'd.
 Bow'd down with years, decrepit in his gait,
 With furrow'd cheeks, that show his ancient date;
 He scarce can raise his head, which bears the
 crown

Of bleaching time, like snow-white Cygnet's
 down:

She leads this aged sire, directs his feet,
 Prepares and gives his medecines and meat;
 Meets all the whimsies of complaining age,
 And sooths the workings of his harmless rage;
 Bears all his dotage prattle with delight,
 Expels his glooms and makes his sorrows light;
 Consoles his heart and wipes his falling tears,
 And with amusement wings his lagging years:
 By pious duty urg'd, the lovely maid,
 Thus all her father's former care repaid;

Resign'd the pleasure courted by her bloom,
 To sweeten with her charms a parent's tomb!
 In parent's farewell love, how sweet to bask,
 In virtue rich, how blest to do the task!
 To read the meaning of the father's eyes,
 And catch his benediction as he dies!
 Oh! this is heav'n—a heav'n that mercy deigns,
 To grant sweet Emma for her filial pains.
 Constrain'd by love, should children harmonize,
 Their parents honour, and all strife despise;
 Improving and improv'd forever be,
 And live and die in blissful unity.
 The servant and the master should perform,
 The honest part, enjoin'd by friendship warm:
 Be kind, ye masters, nor unjustly chide;
 But in your servants gen'rously confide:
 For confidence will make your hireling just,
 Discharge his duties and fulfil his trust;
 Be merciful and kind,—do not abuse;
 And pay the faithful all their honest dues;

'They will consult your int'rest, heap your storè,
Your person love and progeny adore.

The slave—the master! Bleeding Muse withhold,
The curse of curses! let it ne'er be told!

Thou seest the victim on the woful verge,
Thou seest the tyrant and his bloody scourge;
Thou hear'st the sigh, thou hear'st the dismal
moan,

The cry of woe, the last expiring groan!
Heav'n bewails as hell triumphant reigns,
With racks and scourges, manacles and chains!
Drop, drop the theme—oh! never touch it more,
But in sad silence pity and deplore.

But mark mankind in social order join'd,
By various wants and interests combin'd;
Feign rulers honest as they ought to be,
With subjects, simple, upright, well-taught, free;
See citizens in happy union blend,
To bless each other and the whole defend;

When one is injur'd, all espouse his cause,
 And strive for virtue, liberty and laws;
 Think for themselves and worship as they will,
 Perform their duties and their stations fill;
 Their feet with "Gospel preparation" shod,
 Each heart a temple of the living God;
 Their thoughts, all prayer; their ev'ry action,
 praise,
 Their holy life celestial bliss displays.
 Peace is their freedom; peace, their nat'ral state,
 They strife avoid, and bloody feuds they hate;
 But if compell'd to war, they wield the steel,
 Conquer and weep and feel as men should feel;
 To love all nations they will never cease,
 In war, reluctant foes; and friends in peace;
 In war, the mountain storm, they scath the land,
 In peace, the balmy zephyr, warm and bland.
 Such are the men, to whom high heav'n is kind,
 For mighty deeds and matchless fame design'd.

Love is the point, that knits discordant hearts,
 And every great and saving good imparts;
 Love, sweetest offspring of supernal skies,
 Tune up my mind, my passions tranquilize;
 Oh! give thy pathos, spend thy dulcet flow,
 Teach me to feel—yes, feel another's woe;
 Teach me no more to be at war with peace,
 Compose the storm and bid destruction cease;
 Reign in my soul, rule ev'ry human heart,
 Balm every wound and sanctify each smart.
 Come, sweet-soul'd love, a dismal vision hear,
 Come, shed with me, the tribute of a tear.
 Her sable curtains night had drawn around,
 And man and beast were wrapt in sleep profound;
 And business by her bustling rage oppress'd,
 'Midst solemn gloom, was hush'd to balmy rest;
 The soothing rain-fall drown'd my little woes,
 And calm'd my spirits down to sweet repose;
 Whilst kind oblivion with her darksome screen,
 Conceal'd the turmoil of the waking scene.

An angel form, methought, beside my bed,
 With sunny lustres beaming round her head,
 Stood with enchanting smile and beck'ning hand,
 In mein, all graceful; lovely in command.

Awhile in sweetly anxious awe I lay,
 Prepar'd for all so fair a form could say:

Anon she cried in voice of minstrelsy,
 "Child of the earth! Arise and follow me."

On seraph's wings we in a moment hied,
 To where the morning gilds the Orient tide;
 Here blossoms, fruits and flow'rs disclose their
 hues,

In richness and variety profuse;
 Thick groves of spices fragrant fumes transpire,
 Gay birds innum'rous sweetly swell the choir;
 Whilst round the verdant landscape softly flows,
 A stream, whose lulling murmurs court repose.
 Amid the smiling isle sublimely rise,
 Ten thousand domes, broad-glistening to the skies

And hallow'd by the prayers of distant years,
 Grave o'er the scene the *house of God* appears.
 Entranc'd I gaz'd; the angel kindly breaks
 The dang'rous spell, and thus my reason wakes.
 "Miscalculating man! thy dream forego;
 Thy erring thoughts alas! too well I know;
 Thou dream'st the charming scene before thine
 eyes,

The consecrated spot of Paradise;
 Thou thinkest *here* kind heav'n has best combin'd,
 All that can charm the heart and bless the mind.
 Were man an angel, then thy dream were right,
 For here he'd bask in truth and life and light;
 His grosser nature by his mind controul,
 And find true bliss in purity of soul.

But sons of light by rank ambition driv'n,
 With rebel spirit from the throne of heav'n,
 Their pride implanted in all human kind,
 Inflam'd desire and render'd reason blind.

The strong grew lawless, and the weak grew tame,
 And mind submissive to the body came;
 Ill-humour and dark Malice rul'd the few,
 Whilst Apathy enchain'd the weaker crew.
 They still seek happiness, but through mistake,
 At first quite willing, paltry pleasure take;
 Kneel at her shrine, in deadly torpor sink,
 Their matter gross forbids the mind to think
 Of aught but present pleasure, present pain;
 "*Enjoy the present,*" is their constant strain.
 To future life they ne'er in prospect go,
 To learn the last account of bliss and woe;
 If mind e'er rouses from her gloomy state,
 Aghast she views the bloody roll of Fate;
 And seeks retreat in pleasure, or beguiles
 Her rising pangs with Superstition's wiles.
 Men weaker grown, to less temptation yield,
 How then resist when strongest are reveal'd?
 Now Child of Earth, this charming scene review,
 And tell me, if my boding voice be true."

Strange sounds of mirth and oaths and music pour,
 In senseless mixture and discordant roar;
 The clamour dies away—'tis still as Death,
 Trembling I turn, whilst fear suspends my breath;
 When lo! heart-rending shrieks my ear assail,
 And festive uproar yields to fun'ral wail.
 A lofty dome emblazon'd o'er with Gold,
 Where Siren Pleasure seem'd her court to hold;
 Where Music seem'd to vent her sweetest strains,
 And Plenty spread her inexhaustless gains,
 The crackling flame invades; Outpour the bands,
 Of ghostly visage and with trembling hands.
 One prostrate falls to Apoplexy's force,
 Another bows to Death his gouty corse;
 A third, 'midst cries for Mercy's dragg'd in chains,
 To pay for crimes by penalties and pains!
 But 'midst this keen distress I most admire,
 The dance and song of yonder female choir;
 What can such wild, unfeeling antics mean?
 How *can* they sport so near this dreadful scene?

“ Ah! Child of Earth, be wise” — the Angel cried —

“ These tears and shouts both add to Pleasure’s
pride;

Of Virtue reckless, human or divine,

These Victims worshipp’d at her tinsel shrine;

Their wealth consum’d, their fame and health
decay’d,

Have thus the wages of their homage paid.

But those poor females you admire the most,

Are Fashion’s devotees, to Virtue lost;

They dance to songs of triumph o’er the grave,

And try their spirits by their mirth to save;

They have no sympathy for kindred dust,

Their only *feeling* is a sev’rish lust;

To yon gay brothel now they troop away,

To breathe infection, fester and decay —

But look again” — I turn’d when (dreadful sight!)

The drum and trumpet spoke the coming fight!

Soon arms on arms the dreadful clangour peal’d,

And blood in currents stain’d the Verdant field;

The lovely stream defil'd with human gore,
 Full many a corse and sword and helmet bore!
 The sword was drawn at Perscution's nod,
 And faggots gleam'd within the house of God!
 Bound by the Christian to the flaming stake,
 The Christian suffer'd for his conscience' sake!
 Blood ceas'd to run; the faggot ceas'd to glow,
 And horrid Pest'lence clos'd the work of woe;
 O'er all the scite she shed her with'ring breath,
 And shut the scene in universal death!

“Enough!” the Angel cried, and shed a tear—

“Enough! You see the fate of Pleasure here!

Pleasure pursu'd through fashion or from will,
 Is full of woe and the destroyer still;

And man in darkness, with a will debas'd,

Could not in Heav'n, the joys of Heaven taste.

“Look, Child of Earth, once more”—I cried, I

see,

The clearest emblem of Divinity;

Low-seated on a rock by yonder wave,
 A man whose head seems blossom'd for the grave;
 His tatter'd garments shiver to the breeze,
 And Palsy shakes his aged hands and knees;
 He looks quite poor and yet he seems divine,
 For on his cheek the smile and tear conjoin:
 'This vale of bleeding woe a tear beguiles,
That shed, he on the future thinks and smiles.
 Say, gen'rous Angel, is this father sent,
 Of upright Nature as a monument?
 " Child of the Earth, be humble and be wise,
 This man's the darling offspring of the skies;
 Gone are the tribe by Pleasure's lure debas'd,
 Sunk is their Paradise to this dread waste;
 Their happiness they plac'd in sense and show,
 And clos'd their Pleasure in this scene of woe:
 But this great judge of moral right and wrong,
 Knew that all bliss and woe to mind belong;
 From Nature's simple, but unbounded store,
 He form'd his principles and drew his lore;

Restrain'd his gross desires by Reason's sway,
 And in the paths of pleasure scorn'd to stray;
 He us'd the means by God and Nature given,
 'To light him through this darksome vale to Heav'n;
 And now when Desolation sweeps the scene,
 He sits unshaken—awfully serene:

A soul well-tun'd and stor'd like his, defies
 The scowling tempest and the thund'ring skies;
 He weeps for man, and smiles to meet the fate,
 'That frowns to bear him to a blissful state;
 Where soul refin'd will never feel decay,
 But grow in light and bliss through endless day."

The Angel fled—my pleasing vision pass'd,

Oh! may the feeling with the maxim last;

That Pleasure to the body's most confin'd,

But Bliss, immortal Bliss belongs to Mind.

Creator, saviour of the World! Come, Love,

Oh! deign to quit thy much-lov'd courts above;

Descend on man and give the rapt'rous thrill,

His mind with light; his breast with feeling, fill;

Then will no more the evil one be fear'd,
 Nor man from acts of goodness be deterr'd;
 Nor Despotism redden deep with gore,
 Nor seas polluted blush from shore to shore;
 Nor clouds shed tears, nor zephyrs sigh with pain,
 Time waste in grief and Justice preach in vain.
 Love to his Maker, makes the man divine,
 His heart it purges, makes his virtues shine;
 Gives pure integrity and inbred truth,
 And Virgin Health flush'd with unfading youth;
 Justice, Temp'rance, Prudence, Fortitude,
 With resignation in vicissitude;
 Capacity and spirit to improve,
 And Wise affections that disdain to rove;
 A *Will* controul'd by high-born moral sense,
 And hope and happiness in Providence.
 A gen'rous self-love makes him love his God,
 Adore his goodness and revere his rod;
 Enjoy his grace, his bounties ne'er abuse,
 And use mankind, as he himself would use.

Love to his country, to his brother man,
 Prompts him to do the utmost good he can;
 Surcharg'd with mercies, full of humble might,
 He strews his comforts and he spreads his light;
 Chaste in religion, without bigot rage,
 In church, a saint, in state the brightest sage;
 Above applause, from mad Ambition free,
 The weak man's hope, the poor man's charity;
 The widow's husband, and the orphan's friend,
 Proud to instruct, and proud himself to mend.
 His soul can melt with Love; with Music flow,
 Weep with Distress, and bliss derive from woe;
 From folly, wisdom; light from darkness wring,
 And pleasant *profit* find in every thing;
 Exert its energies to save mankind,
 Refine the morals and enlarge the mind;
 Make them sincere and great and good and wise,
 The salt of Earth and incense of the skies.
 Type of Perfection! Source of nameless joys,
 His plans and comforts, no event destroys;

Empyreal soul above the Poet's lays,
 Regardless of the honour of her bays,
Honour thyself! thyself, thy greatest praise! }
 Time is thy herald; man, thy happiness,
 And Heav'n a boon fit for thy holiness;
 Thou'st fought the fight and run thy course with
 grace,
 A crown of glory waits the finish'd race.
 On dismal scenes of woe and evil past,
 The grey-head evil-doer looks at last;
 The gales of youthful hey-day full of gloom,
 In blighting Vengeance settle round his tomb;
 Full many a blank, and dark, polluting spot,
 Impeach his fame and mark the beastly sot:
 The errors, vices, crimes of riper years,
 Replete with grief, excite remorseful tears;
 Distemper'd lech'ry, surfeits and disease,
 And weary stupor on his system seize;
 The scoffs of poverty, the taunts of pride,
 And wrongs of innocence, his griefs deride.

He sees his crimes in horrid port and guise,
 Now past atonement, full of horreur rise;
 Enormities by distance larger swell,
 Press on his soul and plunge it deep in hell!
 Time sheds bleak chills to nip his lustful rage,
 And throws his frost around the brows of age;
 The forehead furrows, wanes upon the cheek,
 The joints unbraces, makes the system weak;
 Pours all his terrors, shakes his reeking blade,
 And bids the victim in the grave be laid.

He sees the gulf where gloom and light'ning mix,
 And shades tormented haunt the groaning Styx;
 He dreads to dare and fain would disbelieve,
 And prays to live a moment's short reprieve;
 From Self he flies, deep shudd'ring at the past,
 Looks forward, sees his doom and shrinks aghast;
 Essays to change what he has learn'd awry,
 Live o'er past life aright and wish to die;
 He prays a moment; but the prayer is vain,
 For age on age would but augment his pain;

He writhes in torment, raves away his breath,
 Expires in frowns and putrifies in death!
 Not so, the good man; lo! his evening sun,
 And evening shades in joyful circles run;
 His moments wing'd, as happily they fly,
 Surge sweetest scenes to mem'ry, long gone by;
 He fondly, proudly views them o'er and o'er,
 And recollection but endears them more;
 Thousands he sees, whose wants he has reliev'd,
 Thousands, whose fainting hopes he has retriev'd;
 Millions, whose cares he sooth'd; whose sorrows,
 still'd;
 The vile, reform'd; the dark, with noontide fill'd;
 No stupid Cabal, utt'ring bought huzzas,
 Proclaim his merit in adult'rous praise;
 A world befriended is the happy throng,
 Who chaunt his merit in the lore of song;—
 With cheering gratitude and glory crown,
 His mem'ry deathless, stamp'd with pure renown.

He sees perhaps his hoary-headed wife,
 Friend of his youth, companion of his life;
 With silv'ry locks spread o'er a youthful bloom,
 And smiling bud and blossom for the tomb:
 The dear, bless'd scenes of their connubial hours,
 His fond soul flush, and rouse his dormant pow'rs.
 He steals again the soul enliv'ning kiss,
 Looks all his soul and thrills with speechless bliss.
 His children—What? Enraptur'd Muse, say what?
 In happy dotage they are ne'er forgot;
 They grace his side, around his heart they twine,
 His converse share, in his devotion join;
 Around the sire, like charming laurels, grow,
 Indulge the kindest, sympathetic glow;
 Receive advice and honour his grey hairs,
 Consult his wants, alleviate his cares;
 Rise in esteem, become as good and great,
 And all the parent's wishes consummate.
 As full of innocence, as full of years,
 Of conscience pure and destitute of fears;

On Horeb's top he lifts th' imploring hand,
 And waits the time to gain the promis'd land—
 Land of his Fathers, undefil'd by sin,
 Abode of Angels his celestial kin;
 Ripe for eternal life, immortal joy,
 Ripe for scenes, that never pain and cloy;
 He tranquil seems, and smiling yields his breath,
 In rapture sleeps and long outlives his death!
 Heav'ns! what a death is here! a Christian dies!
 And dies to live! To bliss immortal flies!
 Sustain'd aloft on beaming Cherubs' wings,
 His mighty spirit soars and shouts and sings!
 But his *example* lives—his essence pure,
 A wonder-working Angel evermore!
 The disembodied image of the man!
Love, working good on God's sublimest plan!
 Go Genius, go; enjoy thy life divine,
 And may my life and death resemble thine.
 No more, my Muse! thy pious task is o'er,
 Feel, think and smile, admire and adore;

Long may thy light shine with resistless blaze,
 Long may thy Music run in honeyed maze;
 Long may thy noble theme unvaried be,
 To make man *great* and *good* and *wisely free*;
 Let reason be thy guide and truth thy aim,
Bliss be thy meed—not *Gold* or paltry *Fame*;
 Be God thy trust; and *hope*, thy balm of health,
 And meek *content*, thine own unenvied wealth.
 Let fortune scowl, let changeful seasons roll,
 Be thy support, a calm and steady soul;
 Should Pleasure chaunt, *then* be it thy delight,
 To break the charm and quell the Siren's might;
 Cheerful, resign'd and happy always live,
 And to thy God thy thanks and praises give;
 Eternal be thy spirit, friendship, youth,
 Eternal reason; and eternal Truth.

THE END OF LIFE.

The impossibility of *personally* attending to the proof-sheet, by reason of the Author's residing at a distance from the Press, has produced divers typographical mistakes in this volume, which the indulgent reader will be pleased to rectify by the following list of

ERRATA.

	Page.	line.	Expunge,	Read,
Intro.	3	13	single	simple
Book I.	11	19	fame	frame
	28	13	abounds	abound
	32	8	your	yon
	40	2	oonvulsion	convulsion
	45	9	with	will
	52	9	or	our
	56	3	armours	amours
	<i>ib.</i>	17	mew	mews
	61	7	hate	hates
	66	4	should be closed with a period.	
	69	2	should be closed with a !	
Book II.	72	14	fate	fiat
	73	2	closed with a semicolon;	
	<i>ib.</i>	5	Propound	Profound
	<i>ib.</i>	11	to	is
	77	18	decry	descry
	79	10	or	for
	84	12	lapp'd	lopp'd
	90	19	the	thy
	100	3	cenus	Venus
	101	11	the	her
	<i>ib.</i>	19	a	as
	103	11	Then	Than
	104	6	splendid	splendid
	107	3	A	As
	108	19	So	To
	116	1	and	as
	130	17	To give	To gain
	143	11	the	thy
Book III.	155	7	her	our
	<i>ib.</i>	<i>ib.</i>	blast	blasts
	164	5	winkled	wrinkled

Several other minor mistakes, in the placing of points, commas and appostrophes, which can scarcely be avoided when the Author cannot read the proof sheets, will be pardoned and corrected by the reader.

H- 46 - 80







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 115 851 3

